

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

Number 156

Week Ending
MARCH 11, 1922

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

Postage
1d. Inland, 3d. Abroad Every Friday 2d.

THE C.N. GOES TO WESTMINSTER ABBEY

WOLVES ATTACK A TRAIN

FIERCE BATTLE WITH A HOWLING PACK

Animals that Travel Forty
Miles in a Night

GROWING PERIL IN EASTERN EUROPE

The menace of the wolf is undoubtedly increasing in Europe at the present time.

In Central and South-Western France the animal has not only been increasing in numbers, but has been growing bolder, and has even ventured into the streets and villages in search of food. Though, as a rule, it has fought shy of attacking human beings, it has preyed upon the French peasants' flocks and herds.

In the more eastern countries of Europe, however, the wolf has become a serious menace to human life; and in Hungary and Jugo-Slavia it has been attacking people in broad daylight just outside some of the big towns. The inhabitants have had to combine to fight the common foe, which, owing to its daring, has almost cut off communication between certain towns.

Travelling Together for Safety

At Satoralja-Ujhely, in Eastern Hungary, for instance, a town of about 17,000 inhabitants at the foot of the Carpathian Mountains, the people are afraid to stir out after dark, and even in daylight it is dangerous to travel in the environs of the town.

Terrific snowstorms recently occurred in that area, and swarms of hungry wolves at once swooped down from the forests that clothe the slopes of the Carpathians, and prowled round about the town.

A group of peasants travelling together for safety found numbers no protection, and when quite near the town were suddenly attacked by a pack of fierce animals. They tried to beat off the howling creatures, but four of their number—three women and a man—perished.

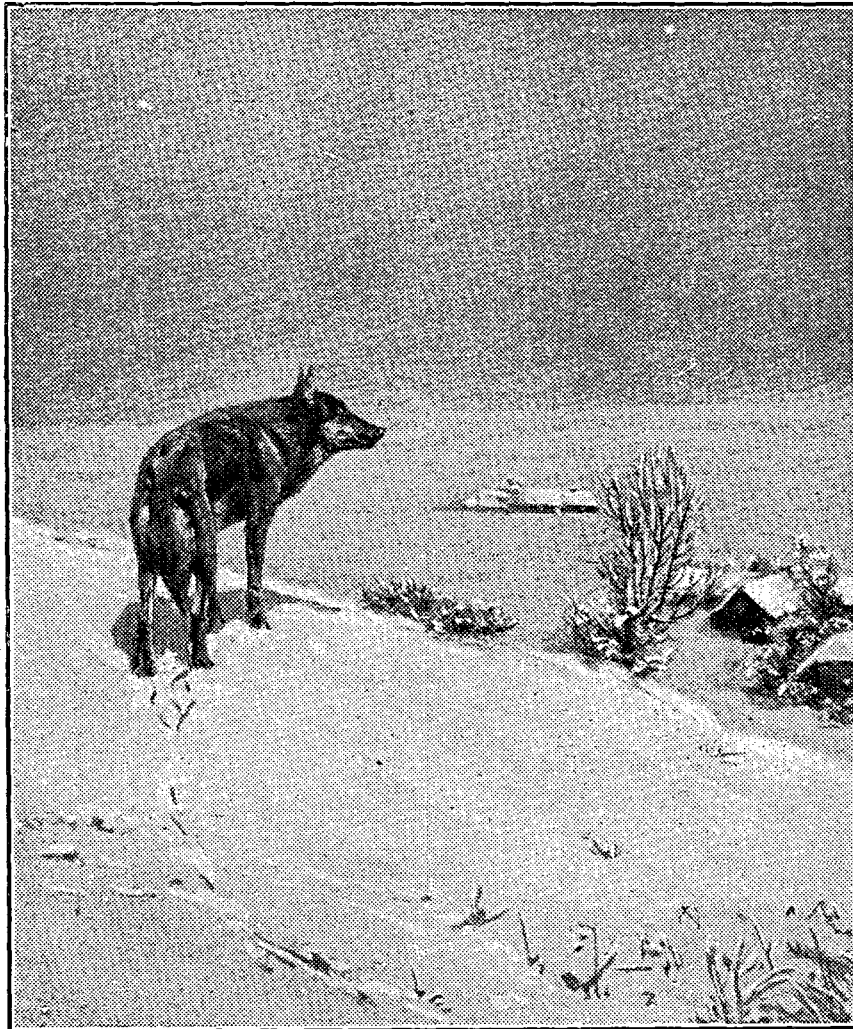
From other parts of Eastern Hungary comes similar news of attacks by wolves on the peasants, and no traveller is safe once he leaves the towns. The wolves travel in packs, and cover as much as thirty or forty miles in a single night.

Engine Driver Puts On Speed

In Jugo-Slavia the wolves are even more desperate and daring. The other day a train that had left Dubica, on the Bosnian border, for Agram, the capital of Croatia and a university town of about 80,000 inhabitants, was travelling slowly owing to the snowdrifts on the line, when, without warning of any kind, a large pack of wolves, maddened by hunger, rushed from a forest near by and attacked the train.

Some of the animals jumped on the engine, but were fortunately beaten off by the driver and stoker, while others

An Ancient Foe Looks Down on Europe



The wolf, once so common in Europe, had been driven back to remote fastnesses in the forests of the North and East, but, owing to the fact that in recent years men have been too busy fighting one another to keep this ancient foe in subjection, the wolf has increased in numbers and boldness and is again a serious menace to civilisation. See next column

leaped into the carriages through open windows. They were howling fiercely all the time and terrified the passengers, who, however, had presence of mind to unite in their own defence.

In these countries people are generally armed, and, barricading themselves in the compartments, the passengers defended themselves with rifles and revolvers and daggers, killing many of the wolves. The driver of the engine put on speed, and many more animals were crushed by the wheels of the train.

Eventually the train succeeded in getting clear of the pack and reached Agram, where every part of it bore unmistakable marks of the fierce battle with wild nature that had been waged. The wolves are even said to have been into the streets of Agram itself.

In Rumania the same kind of thing is happening. At Petronani a large pack of hungry wolves, rendered daring by the intense cold, swept down on a village by daylight and attacked the people who happened to be in the street. Peasants ran from their cottages armed with hatchets and pitchforks, and a fierce fight took place in which many wolves were slain, but 18 people were killed before the animals could be driven off.

At another village, Floesti, a pack of 50 broke into stables and outhouses and killed all the cattle they could find. In beating off the animals five peasants were killed and about 30 wounded.

Though a single wolf very rarely attacks a man, in large numbers the animal is a formidable menace, and not only is its ferocity great, but its cunning in the chase is almost uncanny. If a victim is fleeing and trying to dodge his pursuers the pack will often split up into parties to intercept the quarry.

It can be imagined, therefore, what disquiet the appearance of increasingly large numbers of wolves in Eastern Europe has caused. The war, resulting in the loss of so many hunters, has been responsible for this increase, and there is no doubt that a regular campaign will have to be organised and systematic war waged to master the menace.

Happily, we in Britain know nothing of such perils. The last wolf in England was killed in the reign of Henry VII, the last in Scotland in 1743, and the last in Ireland in 1766. Yet at one time wolves were common in England, and little stone shelters used to be set up on the Yorkshire moors for lonely travellers when they found themselves chased by wolves.

Picture on this page

GAS BAG BURSTS AMERICA LOSES ANOTHER BIG AIRSHIP

Importance of Helium Gas in
the Conquest of the Air

SPEED TRIAL THAT ENDED IN DISASTER

Often, when some conquest of Nature seems complete, man is reminded sharply that he has difficulties yet to overcome.

Such a reminder has been given to those who fancied that air travel had been made as safe as travel on land or sea. Two fearful accidents to airships have proved that there is much to be learned.

First there was the disaster to the British dirigible R38, and then followed quickly upon it the collapse of the largest "semi-rigid" in the world, the United States army airship Roma.

What caused the R38 to "run around" is not yet settled. There is talk of faulty construction, which had been criticised, but which it was not considered necessary to alter. The Roma disaster appears to have been due to the substitution of inflammable gas for helium gas, which cannot be set alight.

The Tail of Smoke

From her shed near the American capital the airship was brought out for a speed trial. On board were nearly fifty officers and men. At a height of about 1000 feet the Roma was making rapid pace, attempting, it was said, to break the speed record, when a thin tail of smoke was seen issuing from some part of her. Next moment the spectators at Norfolk, Virginia, saw her begin to fall.

Before she reached the ground a number of men were seen to jump out with parachutes. But there were thirty-five left on board when the Roma dropped in flames after a tremendous explosion, and all of them perished.

The fire broke out, it is stated, when the airship touched a high tension electric wire, but that does not agree with the story of the wisp of smoke being seen when she began to fall. What is certain is that there could have been no fire if the helium gas, with which the balloon was filled up to a few days before this trial flight, had been left in the envelope.

Airship that Would Fill a Street

The helium was taken out because the supply of it was very short, and ordinary gas was pumped in.

The Roma was built in Italy, and bought by the United States army from the Italian Government for £53,000. She was about 100 feet in height, counting the cars as well as the balloon itself; that is to say, she was higher than any ordinary building in a city street. Her length was 412 feet; she would, therefore, have filled a street of average size.

Great sympathy was felt in England, and many telegrams told how sincere British grief was. Picture on page 12

IF THE WIND RAN AMOK

TERRIFIC GALES IN THE UPPER ATMOSPHERE

What Would Happen if the Storms Descended?

AIR TRAVELLING AT 250 MILES AN HOUR

The giant sky-scrappers of New York are built to resist a gale travelling at a hundred miles an hour and exerting a pressure of fifty pounds on every square foot of the outer walls.

The worst storm ever recorded in New York blew at the rate of 96 miles an hour, and only the weaker and older buildings were damaged.

Scientists now declare that gales travelling at the rate of 250 miles an hour approach within six miles of New York every day, and they have been explaining what would happen to the sky-scrappers if one of these gales actually struck the city.

As a matter of fact, there is no fear of this, for, though the storms are so near, they are yet very far away, for the 250-mile gales are six miles up, and these record winds were discovered by the scientists in the course of their investigations into the state of the upper atmosphere. It is even declared that twelve miles up the wind blows at 500 miles an hour.

If by chance one of the 250-mile gales happened to drop upon New York, what would happen?

Tall Building in a Storm

Despite the rarity of the atmosphere, the pressure would, it is stated, be about 320 pounds on every square foot, or about six times as much as the tall Woolworth Building is supposed to stand. Were this building isolated on a prairie, such a gale would topple it over and smash it up; but as it stands amid other tall buildings, that would to some extent break the force of the storm. Probably only the upper part, with, say, twenty storeys, would snap off, exactly as the top of a tree is broken off in a gale.

Then this snapped-off upper part might be smashed to pieces by the force of the wind, or it might rest upside down on the ground, leaning against the base from which it had been wrenched.

Fortunately for New York the gales of the upper atmosphere are not likely to run amok on the surface of the earth.

CAVEMEN'S ASTRONOMY

Have the Stars Grown Dimmer?

Have the ten stars in the constellation known as the Pleiades grown less bright in the last 10,000 years, or were men's eyes more penetrating than they are?

In caves inhabited thousands of years ago by prehistoric men a French geologist has found astronomical drawings, including one of the Pleiades with all its ten stars.

Now if we look at the Pleiades we can only see seven of these stars. The other two must be looked for with a telescope or from a high mountain-top.

To the French Academy of Sciences a famous investigator has put the question: How did prehistoric men, who had no telescopes, know there were ten stars in the Pleiades?

Probably the stars were brighter then than they are now.

THE C.N. IN NIGERIA

A reader living in far-off Nigeria, Mrs. Jebb, writes to ask us, through our columns, to thank an unknown friend who sends her regular copies of the C.N.

"It is not only appreciated by myself and my husband," says Mrs. Jebb, "but also by the African teachers here, who use it as a reader in the schools."

Mrs. Jebb is shortly leaving her present home, and her new address will be C.M.S., Owo, via Oshogbo, Nigeria.

The Empire Meets in the Abbey

FAMILY GATHERING OF THE BRITISH RACE

C.N. Representative's Impressions of the Ceremony at Princess Mary's Wedding

STRENUOUS TRAINING FOR A WISE AND USEFUL WOMANHOOD

Here the C.N. representative who was present in the Abbey at Princess Mary's wedding tells his story of this historic event

As one sat in Westminster Abbey, the most stately and affecting shrine of the Imperial capital, waiting for the marriage ceremony of the King's only daughter, what was the feeling that surged most strongly into the heart?

Overwhelming all other thoughts was the deep impression that this was a family gathering of the whole British race.

All that was splendid in pageantry was here—the historic scene, the courtly show, the throng of distinguished men and women. From the pavements that cover the great dead to the highest arches of the grey old temple, representatives of every class of the British race were crowded. The Empire was present in miniature.

Love of Home and Family

That thought was thrilling, but it took second place to the feeling that the most real bond that united us to each other and to the Royal House was the simple British love of home and family. We were here as one great family wishing well to the charming English girl starting life afresh today with a British husband, brave and noble.

The British character centres on the home. And for eighty years the Royal House of our Commonwealth of Nations has had a home life most satisfying to our national instincts. For three generations—Victoria, Edward VII and George V—the children of that House have been so trained that the nation has accepted them wholeheartedly and personally as its own.

Never was this more apparent than in the present generation. Our King and Queen, unsurpassed in sympathetic union with their people, have the happiness of a family whose members in early life have won on their own account popular interest and admiration and affection. Superabundantly have these sentiments been felt toward the Prince of Wales, and toward Mary, the bride of today; and it was this personal note, this vibration of the music of home, carried from millions of homes to the Royal palace, that gave this gorgeous national ceremony its inward fineness.

National Trust and Unity

We felt, as we waited in the Abbey on the Princess's great day, how well in her young years she had won all this affectionate interest. It was a tribute to her as well as to the fine parenthood of her father and mother.

She was quite a girl, only seventeen, when the Great War broke out, and at once she put aside the lighter pleasures of youth and took up responsibility and serious duty. In all movements that a girl could help she helped.

She knew what it was to serve in a workers' canteen, to undergo the training of a V.A.D. nurse, to become an officer of the Girl Guides, and finally to go through the full course of nursing service in the Children's Hospital, where she made a point of washing every day, at least one baby from the homes of the poor. In short,

she eagerly sought the fullest possible training for a useful womanhood.

And we remembered as we waited that while this was her path of duty, the man about to link his life with her own was fighting bravely for his country, thrice wounded, with the splendid brigade of Guards that never knew defeat.

We feel, all of us—it can be heard on every side—that there is a fine rightness in this marriage of an English Princess with one of ourselves, a proud sense of racial sufficiency, that leaves the outworn traditions of the smaller lands and their tinselled honours looking bare and poor compared with the national trust and unity that underlie this marriage.

But the time for thinking of what people are thinking about this wedding went by as the Abbey filled up with notable people, chosen to represent all types of the nation, whether in rank, or work, or thought.

Happy Cheers of the Children

As public man after public man came in—men who are written about by the newspapers, and talked about in every corner of the land—the loss of each man's personal impressiveness was itself impressive. Here they sank into the whole, each seeming one in a congregation, and little more.

Presently, through the open door of the Abbey, came from afar the command—"Present arms!" and we knew the Royal Family were at hand before the cheers were heard, topped by the high notes of the children, such cheers as had never been heard before, for all the schools had holiday.

The party from the palaces came, a real family gathering, as it might be any similar group in the land that was accompanying to the altar a beloved and only daughter. All, apparently, who sat within the altar recess were akin, even down to the small, dark laddie in a schoolboy suit—a son of the King of Spain.

Sign of a Nation's Worth

The sweetest part of a dignified and touching service was the singing by the choir of the hymn accompanying the bride's procession from the west door—"Lead us, Heavenly Father, lead us." Very girlish she looked, and winning to all kind hearts; and the service throughout kept up the delightful tone of simplicity and sincerity that has made this marriage one of true feeling and not of courtly tradition or formal etiquette.

The clergy took their part in the same spirit. Every word uttered was clearly audible and naturally spoken, so that all who looked on shared in the service; and when the withdrawal to sign the record was made it was only the heads of the families who withdrew with the united pair.

In such a way was this Royal marriage conducted as made it an appeal to the whole nation to make marriage sacred, and keep the home life the sign of the nation's true worth.

ENGLISH BOOKS IN A LATVIAN SCHOOL

Land Where Education is Much Thought Of

A GLORIOUS ANNIVERSARY

From Madame Kakis, the lady who teaches English in one of the secondary schools in Vimiera, in Latvia, the C.N. has received a letter reporting the results of an appeal in our columns for English books to help in her work.

She has received so many letters and so much help with books that she wishes the C.N. to express her thanks to its readers and to apologise for the delay of some replies. Everybody, she says, will be answered.

Her helpful correspondents range in years from eight to 81. They write from every part of Great Britain, and even from France, and their letters "have greatly widened the interest, humanity, and geography" of her Latvian pupils.

We are asked to thank a donor of books who only gave as an address B. M., London.

Letters from England

Some of the letters from British schools are "so interesting and superior" that the Latvian children, with their more slender knowledge of English, will have a task in answering them; but in Latvia "education is much thought of, and the pupils are hard and steady workers."

Our correspondent mentions that Vimiera is a town of 8000 inhabitants, with six elementary and two secondary schools. Latvian is the language used. English and French are taught. Russian is no longer compulsory.

The general prospects of the country are improving. Bread is now only half the price it was.

On January 26 the anniversary of the freedom of the country was celebrated, and, adds our correspondent, "those who have always been free, and recognised as equal by other nations, can hardly understand our feelings on that glorious anniversary."

NINEPINS 5000 YEARS OLD

Ancient Civilisation Like Our Own

Five thousand years ago children played much the same games as they play today, so a London audience was told by Miss Murray, who has been digging out of the sand in Egypt traces of a lost civilisation.

Among these were little ivory animals, lions and rabbits, and pieces of ivory like our spillikins. There was also a set of ninepins with balls to throw at them. Miss Murray thought the animals might have been used for some game like fox and geese.

In many other ways the Egyptians between 4000 and 3000 B.C. lived more or less as we do. The jewellery that women wore then was often like that of today; wigs and "false fronts" of hair were worn; even the amusements, even the jokes of that age, were, some of them, closely related to ours.

In this connection it is interesting to notice that Sir Arthur Keith, the famous anthropologist, has been saying that the differences to be noticed between the bones and skulls of early man and of the men of today are very slight.

Leg bones and feet bones have changed a little because we wear boots instead of sandals and walk less than people used to; and the shape of our jaws allows less room for teeth—perhaps because we eat softer foods and do not need teeth as much as our ancestors did.

THE VOICE ALONG THE VALLEY

Saving Lives in Times of Flood

THE AMPLIFIERS ON THE TOWER

The wonderful amplifier that magnifies the human voice and enables words spoken quietly in one place to be heard loudly over a wide area miles away is to be used for life-saving purposes.

America is a land of flood disasters. Terrific storms burst suddenly upon certain districts, and in an hour or less make quiet rivers into raging torrents that often burst their barriers and carry death and destruction in their wake. Hitherto it has often been impossible to warn the people of impending danger owing to the great difficulty of reaching them in time.

Now the amplifier is to be used. When a river is getting out of control in the upper reaches word will be shouted to the valley below, "The dam is breaking," so that the people may have a chance of escaping.

Watchers on the Tower

Exhaustive tests have already been made in the Catskill Mountains of New York. A tower 30 feet high was erected, and amplifiers were set up on it, with great projectors to throw the voice to a distance.

The method of discovering how far the voice would carry was ingenious. Four men took up their stations at distances of one, two, three, and four miles from the tower, and each, at a given time, lighted a torch. Then an operator on the tower in an ordinary voice spoke into the transmitter, and called on the distant men to wave their torches.

Watchers on the tower looked out, and great was their excitement when they saw first the nearest torch, then the next, then the next, and finally the most distant wave backwards and forwards.

Another test was then made with a gramophone placed before the transmitter. The distant men were told by the operator through the amplifier that music would be played, and they were asked to make a note of any tunes they had been able to recognise.

Value of Scientific Research

The gramophone was played; and then the operator on the tower called out that the test was over, and they should return to the tower. Immediately the watchers on the tower saw the torch-lights disappear, and in the course of time their hearers returned, each having written down correctly the list of tunes that had been played.

It is therefore reckoned that a warning would be heard clearly and distinctly a distance of four miles away, and, by arranging a series of amplifiers at intervals of four miles on the hills along a mountain stream, a warning of any dam likely to burst could be shouted to the people living in places of peril.

It is a great idea and shows the practical value that follows the discovery of theoretical truths by men who love learning and investigation and engage in research for its own sake.

In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

A panel of Brussels tapestry.	£800
A German helmet of 1500	£609
A Spanish rapier	£546
An Italian helmet of 1560	£504
Two pairs 16th-century toe-caps	£483
A pair of side-tables	£470
Ten Chippendale chairs	£420
A 16th-century breastplate	£378
Two Louis XVI porcelain bowls	£350
A pair of gauntlets, 1570.	£315
A Chippendale cabinet	£210
A porphyry vase	£180
Fourth Folio Shakespeare, 1635.	£70

POLAR SCENES IN WESTERN EUROPE



Taking home a bream for dinner



An old fisher with his net



Making a hole in the ice to let the net through



Hauling up a heavy catch of fish



The crowd watching the fishers at work

In many parts of Europe there has been exceedingly cold weather, and in Germany lakes and rivers have been frozen over. These photographs, taken on an ice-covered lake near Berlin, show how German fishermen have been imitating the Eskimos and fishing with nets through holes cut in the ice—a common sight in the Arctic and in Siberia, but almost unique in Western Europe.

DOGGIE REMEMBERS

A BOY'S PISTOL AND WHAT CAME OF IT

Sad Little Memory of the Great War

THE TERROR IN THE MIND OF A DOG

By a Town Girl

We cannot resist the temptation to find room for this story of after the war, written by a girl reader of the C.N.

The war has left us a legacy of much unused gunpowder.

The French have preserved theirs by sealing it up and sinking it in the lakes in the Pyrenees, and the C.N., in commenting on this, expressed the hope that the powder will never be brought up.

In England we are more hopeful that the Great War was really "a war to end war," for we are using up some of our spare powder in making gunpowder caps which small boys delight to let off in the streets. It is a silly pastime, for there is little to be learned from it, no game in it, and it wastes pennies and frightens little girls, old ladies, and—my dog.

Letting Off Caps

For in one of the streets where boys were letting off these caps lives one of the brightest and happiest of dogs. He is full of fun and energy, but when he heard those caps he quivered and drooped, and made for the darkest place he could find—under his mistress's bed! There he found a cardboard box, in which he tried to bury himself. He was comforted, but was still uneasy, and when he heard the dreaded noise of the caps again he scrambled down and took refuge in a cupboard.

His joy in life is going out, and the moment his lead is taken from its peg he rushes up and down the passage, barking with delight. Once outside, he bounds along.

Refuge in a Shop

He never could understand the use of shops until the day when he met these boys with their caps and pistols. He was on the lead when the noise startled him, and he pulled his mistress into a neighbouring grocer's shop and hid in a wooden box there; it was quite a job to pull him out. For the first time in his life he was eager to be home, and tore up the steps as fast as he had come down them. Next day he did not want to go out at all, but kept close to his mistress, begging to be nursed, or standing by her with pathetic brown eyes, his tail hanging to the ground.

Arrival in London

And all because the sound of those caps reminded him of the Great War! For it was in France that his master found him, in October 1918, not far from the trenches. His master was visiting the war area when he noticed this lively dog, and they quickly became friends. Finding that the dog was a stray, he took him away to London.

When he arrived at his new home, after being in quarantine, the dog was a tangled mass of grubby fur. But a bath and comb revealed his long, silky hair of cream and fawn, his long, black-tipped ears, and his graceful tail.

Now Doggie has had three years in which to forget the war and the sound of the guns; yet these caps recall it to him and make him miserable.

TWELVE STEPS INTO A MOUNTAIN



The very first stage in piercing mountains and hills was when man dug away the soft earth with his fingers.



Then he began to use his first digging tool, which was probably a branch broken from a tree. The pointed end enabled the ground to be easily moved.



Next he used a rough flint to break the harder ground that could not be pierced with sticks.



Passing from the Old Stone Age to the New Stone Age, probably thousands of years later, he polished his flint and made it far more effective as a digging or piercing tool.



A great step forward was taken when man bound his flint to a handle and thus made the first pickaxe. He was able to wield his tool with more effect.



At a later stage he used a pickaxe made from the horns of a stag, the point being sharpened. For some purposes this would be very useful.



Centuries later man learned to cast bronze, and a great advance was made when he began to use the first metal digging tool.



A still further advance was made when bronze gave place to iron, this being far superior to bronze. Man was now on the highway to modern engineering successes.



At last came the modern form of pickaxe, with an iron or steel head on a wooden handle, which remains the best tool for digging hard ground.



An enormous step forward was the invention of a mechanical drill, power being provided by turning a handle.



It was not long before this was improved by being worked with compressed air, and the pneumatic drill was produced.



The latest method of boring through rock is by a drill worked by tiny liquid waves in a tube, these being set in motion by a series of rapid taps.

Man can now tunnel through the mountains quite easily by means of mechanical drills, but, as shown in these pictures, it is only by a long course of patient progress that he has reached his present efficiency.

STRANGE ALARM OF CHINESE PARENTS

Why They Feared the Census

CURIOUS STORY FROM HONG-KONG

When a census was taken recently at Hong-Kong the British authorities noticed that the number of young children recorded was surprisingly small. Inquiries were made, and their result is given in the census officer's report.

The amazing story got about among the Chinese that the British meant to build an enormous bridge across the harbour, and that under each of the piers of this bridge children would be buried alive to make the work permanent! The number of little boys and girls required was put as high as 300.

So alarmed did many Chinese parents become that they took their little ones away from school and kept them at home under lock and key. They believed the object of the census was to find out how many children were available for this terrible purpose.

The Chinese newspapers quickly denounced the story as a foolish lie, but fathers still hesitated to put down their children's names on the census forms.

The incident shows how difficult it is to govern people who are nervous and suspicious and prone to absurd beliefs.

THE BORROWED BOOK

Importance of a Library in the Home

A Swiss magistrate has made a pronouncement of great wisdom. He has declared that books are as necessary to the welfare of a household as furniture or pots and pans.

In his court at Zurich one man sued another for the return of a book that had been lent and not returned. Perhaps the borrower was making a collection—like the library-owner who refused to lend any volume because, he said, "borrowed books were never brought back." When a friend expostulated he said, "I know I am right. All these," looking round at his well-filled shelves, "are borrowed books."

The magistrate ordered the book in this case to be returned, and fined the borrower as well, and he added the remark about books being household necessities.

No home can be considered decently furnished for the habitation of an intelligent family that does not contain at least a few shelves of books that provide unfailing refreshment for the spirit and the mind.

THE TRUTH AT LAST

German Professor's Story of the War

A distinguished German historian, Professor Hans Delbrueck, has written a book to prove that the incompetence of the German generals was the real cause of Germany's defeat.

The generals, especially Ludendorff, have spread it abroad that the collapse of the army was the result of revolution. Professor Delbrueck declares that it was the military breakdown which caused the revolution, and he attributes that breakdown chiefly to General Ludendorff's inability to make up his mind.

He never knew what he wanted; he was ignorant of many matters in which he insisted upon meddling; he lost both his courage and his head when he happened to be defeated.

These are some of the historian's accusations, and the moral drawn from them is that for a nation to trust its interests to soldiers, no matter how high their reputation may be, is disastrous.

It is something to have a high German authority at last owning that the German Army was beaten in the field.

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE



Gathered by

The late Lord Arundell specially bequeathed to his successor in the title a carpet-sweeper and oil-stove.

A Dublin reader reports a cat that finds caterpillars in the garden, brings them in, and lays them on the hearthrug.

A C.N. reader has adopted the interesting idea of sending My Magazine for a year to his friends as a birthday gift.

A Dutchman's Laugh

The Editor of the C.N. stood on his hilltop in Kent the other day and heard a man laugh in Holland.

A Millionaire's Clothes

Mr. J. D. Rockefeller, the American millionaire, has stated that he makes a suit of clothes last for 10 or 15 years.

Gold in a Welsh Mountain

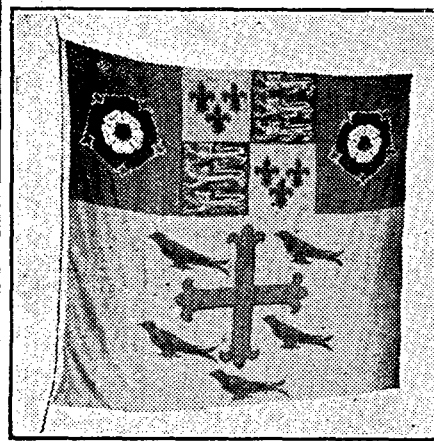
While preparing ground for planting trees on a Welsh mountain in the Tynygroes Valley a miner found gold deposits.

Early Flowers

Primroses were found in Kent on January 31; periwinkles on February 8; and willow buds, fully opened, on February 10.

Wild Nature in the North

A reader near Barnsley has seen, within two miles of his home, 72 varieties of birds and identified 286 kinds of wild flowers.



The new flag of Westminster Abbey. See page 7

The King's Old Tree

There is a mulberry tree in the garden at Buckingham Palace over three centuries old, planted when the mulberry garden was formed by James I.

Taller London

The L.C.C. will now allow business houses exceeding 250,000 cubic feet to be built 80 feet high instead of 60 feet, thus making an extra storey possible.

Port of Narooma

The people of the beautiful port of Narooma, in New South Wales, have just been rejoicing over the launching of the fifth vessel built there during the last few years.

Beggar's Season Ticket to the Seaside

In a recent case before a London magistrate a man charged with begging was found to have a season ticket to Brighton, from which town he travelled to London every day.

Turkey's War Losses

The official figures of Turkey's losses in the war show that she had 501,091 men killed and 3,059,205 wounded and sick. Of the last number over a million were unfit for further service.

Woman's Progress

Miss Margaret Davies, who will preside at the Cooperative Congress at Brighton this year, where four million people will be represented, will be the first woman chairman the Congress has had.

The Wonderful League

An admirable little pamphlet on The Wonderful League has been written by Mr. F. J. Gould. It tells children all about the League of Nations, and is published by the League of Nations Union.

Millions Under the Thames

The passengers on the East London Railway, which runs through the old original Thames Tunnel of Brunel, have increased from 422,000 in 1912 to 12,000,000 in 1921. Season tickets increased from 473 to 2650.

CAT AND DOG TO THE RESCUE

Pets that Saved Their Owners' Lives

PUSS GIVES AN ALARM OF FIRE

Here are two true stories of a cat and a dog that saved their owners' lives.

At Llanelly, in Wales, the dog was heard barking in great excitement. Some men followed him, and he led them to the seashore, where, in a patch of quicksands, they could see a young man struggling for life.

He and his dog had been walking on the shore when suddenly he found himself sinking. The dog jumped and gained a safe foothold.

Deeper and deeper the man sank in the treacherous mud. The tide was flowing, and he seemed to himself to be doomed.

But his dog attracted attention to him, and soon a rope was thrown for him to take hold of. Even then it was two hours before he could be pulled on to dry land.

The cat lived near Selby, in Yorkshire. Its name was Nippy. One morning he ran into his little mistress's room and jumped on the bed where she lay asleep, and woke her up.

The little girl, named Doris Pearson, said, "Go away, pussy. Get down!" But the cat went on pawing at her cheek, and then jumped off the bed and ran into the room of Mrs. Pearson, and did the same thing.

Mrs. Pearson got up, and found the house full of smoke. She called to her daughter and her boy, and they wrapped towels round their mouths and noses and made a rush out into the street.

The kitchen fire, lighted by Mr. Pearson when he went early to his work, had spread to some wood that was drying, and had caused a dangerous blaze.

STORING UP A TELEPHONE TALK

New Device that Repeats a Conversation

A new device just perfected enables us to hear any messages that may have been telephoned in our absence.

Some years ago the famous wireless telephone pioneer Poulsen invented an apparatus which would record telephone messages and would repeat them later at leisure. A steel ribbon connected with the receiver recorded the conversation by magnetic action, and by running the ribbon through a reproducing device the conversation was repeated.

This invention had to be abandoned because the sounds reproduced were too feeble, and no means of increasing their strength could be found. Now, however, a new reproducing instrument has been made which is capable of repeating the sounds to any desired strength.

The inventor of the new device, Mr. A. Nasarischevily, has, with the aid of a valve much used for receiving wireless messages, made it possible for telephone messages to be repeated in any place at any time; and also, another great advantage, records may be kept of conversations.

A PUPPY GASSED

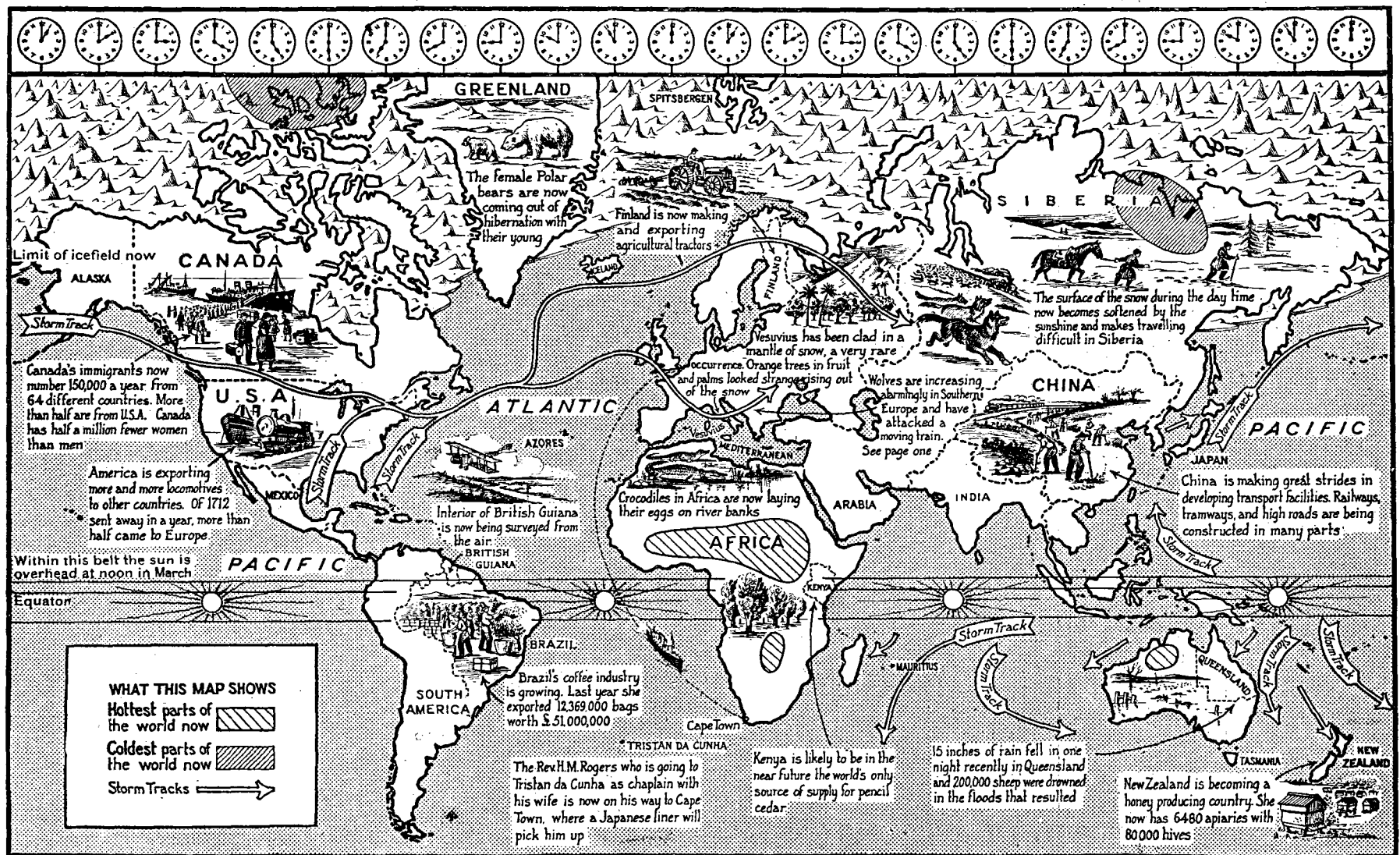
Dog Who Turned the Tap On

A retriever pup living in Carshalton, in Surrey, was shut up at night in a scullery. In the morning his owner found him lying senseless. There was a strong smell of gas, and it was found that one of the taps of the stove had been turned fully on.

The owner of the poor puppy knew what to do. He took it outside the house and set to work to produce artificial respiration, as is done with people rescued from drowning, and at last life came back and all was well.

Evidently the tap had got turned on while the puppy was at play, biting it, or putting his paws on the top.

PICTURE-NEWS & TIME MAP SHOWING STORM TRACKS ALL OVER THE WORLD



TWO COUNTRIES WITH DIFFICULT NAMES
Czecho-Slovakia & Jugo-Slavia

New names are puzzling things, and again and again we find people confusing two countries that are, to the ear at any rate, somewhat similar—Czecho-Slovakia and Jugo-Slavia. Let us see what these names represent.

The Republic of Czecho-Slovakia lies in Central Europe, to the north of Austria and Hungary, and includes Bohemia, Moravia, Slovakia, Ruthenia, and part of Northern Hungary. It has a population of about 13,000,000, less than half of whom are Czechs, the remainder being Austrians, Hungarians, Slovaks, and Ruthenians. The capital of the Republic is the city of Prague.

The kingdom of Greater Serbia, or Jugo-Slavia, is situated to the south of Hungary, and includes Serbia, Montenegro, Croatia, Slavonia, Bosnia-Herzegovina, parts of Hungary, Dalmatia, and Albania. It has a population of about 13,000,000, almost exclusively Slavs, and its capital is the old capital of Serbia, Belgrade. It contains within its borders three other capitals—Cetinje, capital of Montenegro; Agram, capital of Croatia; and Serajevo, capital of Bosnia-Herzegovina.

Both Czecho-Slovakia and Jugo-Slavia have to contend with great political difficulties. Czecho-Slovakia has trouble with millions of Austrians and Hungarians, who are not willing to become Czecho-Slovaks; and Jugo-Slavia has trouble with the Croats, who hold republican and democratic views, and wish to form an independent republic.

Pronunciations in this Paper

Agram	Og-rom
Antipodes	An-tip-o-deez
Croatia	Kro-ay-she-ah
Guiana	Ge-ah-nah
Pterodactyl	Te-ro-dak-til
Satoralja	Shah-to-rol-yo
Ujhely	Oo-e-hel-e

NEW USE FOR AIRCRAFT
Watching for Smugglers

The crew of a British steamer which was trying to smuggle eleven thousand cases of whisky, worth £750,000, into the United States has had an alarming surprise off the coast of Florida.

They saw a squadron of fourteen military aeroplanes fly out over the sea, and wondered what they were doing. They did not have to wonder long. The aeroplanes converged upon their ship, and, dropping down into the water upon their floats, called on the captain to surrender. He obeyed at once, and sent off a boat to report the capture on shore and to ask for a prize crew.

C.N. readers will remember our picture of a Canadian Customs aeroplane in last week's issue. This is the first capture under a new system of enforcing the American Prohibition Laws.

Vessels known to be carrying liquor are tracked, and as soon as they are in American waters—within three miles of land—a wireless message is sent to an air station, which immediately dispatches an expedition to capture the ship.

PERILS OF THE ALPS
Unwise Climbers Ignore Their Guide's Advice

Caught in a storm near the top of a mountain in the Austrian Alps, a party of climbers were strongly advised by their guide to turn back. Most of them took the advice of the experienced mountaineer, but three were obdurate and pressed on.

"He exaggerates the danger," they said. "And, besides, there is a shelter hut just a little way ahead."

So they said good-bye, and disappeared into the storm. Next morning their bodies, frozen stiff, with no life in them, were found a little way below the hut they hoped to reach. They had been exhausted by their efforts just before they could get within its walls and so escape the cold.

ELEPHANTS GO TO SCHOOL
Learning English Before They Can be Ridden

A new class has been formed at the London Zoo. There are only two pupils in it—two young elephants from India, who are being taught English.

They will not have to learn very much, only the words their keepers will use when children are being given rides upon their backs.

They must understand when to start and when to stop, when to go fast and when to walk slowly, when they may ask for buns and when they must keep their trunks decorously down.

At the same time they are being "broken" to the saddle, as horses are. First, a cloth is put over their backs while they exercise. That gets them accustomed to carry something. Then more cloths are added, until they are used to a pretty heavy weight.

At last the big box-saddle will be strapped on, and they will be ready to give children rides. Picture on page 12

NO NAME
Man Known by a Number for Twelve Years

There is a common lodging-house in Cardiff where the lodgers are known only by numbers.

A man died there, and at the inquest on his body the coroner tried to discover his name without success. The lodging-house deputy said he had known him for twelve years, but only by a number. That was the custom in the house.

This suggests a mystery. It might be the opening of a sensational story about people who concealed their identity from each other and the world. Probably it is only another illustration of the lack of warm humanity which darkens the lives of the very poor.

To be called by one's name is friendly and pleasant; to be known by a number is a cold and dreary way to live.

ANOTHER BRITISH ISLE
Tennyson's Home Being Cut Off by the Sea

For a long time the sea has been flinging its weight against the esplanade at Freshwater, in the Isle of Wight, and threatening to cut off the western end of the Isle, terminating at the Needles and including the favourite house of the poet Tennyson.

Within a very short distance of the sea is a little river which runs right across to the Solent. Once the sea forced its way over the shore and joined this river it would cut the Isle of Wight in two, and geography books would have to add the Island of Freshwater to the British Isles.

But the inhabitants are going to try to prevent this from happening. They are talking about building breakwaters to check the violence of the waves.

On the east coast of England the sea has gained a great deal from the land, and what it has engulfed was good land.

In the end we gain each year more than we lose; that is to say, the sea is retreating in more places than it is advancing, but whereas it takes, as a rule, useful fields, it leaves behind it only stretches of barren sand. The apparent gain is, therefore, a substantial yearly loss.

A SERVANT OF THE PEOPLE
Will Crooks's Fine Record

This epitaph is to be inscribed over the last resting-place of Mr. Will Crooks:

Will Crooks, after a Life of Long Service to the Nation, passed from us on June 5th, 1921, aged 69 years. A cooper by trade, he became a Guardian of the Poor, a Borough Councillor, a Mayor of Poplar, a London County Councillor, a Member of Parliament, a Privy Counsellor. He lived and died a Servant of the People.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

MARCH 11 1922

Work Hard and Play Hard

THE governor of one of our prisons has lately warned us all that recent conditions have created "a number of discontented, feckless people."

The word feck seems to have had its origin in the word effect, and means strength, vigour, value. A feckful person is one who can look after himself, one who makes an effect. A feckless person is one who is without vigour, without driving force, without inward power, a spiritless person who wants things done for him, cannot help himself—a shadow, not a man.

It will be a bad day for any nation when any considerable number of its citizens can be described as feckless. The glory of a nation is individualism, the self-reliance and driving power of the individual citizen.

We have done great things because our nation has felt itself independent of governments, has relied upon itself, has trusted to its own powers, has rejoiced in its own vigour and strength. From the days of Drake our men have felt that there is a spiritual glory in self-reliance, and no self-respect without it.

This spirit has shown itself not only in our merchants and workmen, our heroes and adventurers, but in our mothers. The mothers of our motherland have been proud of their self-reliance, and have brought us up in health and strength on traditions which have stood the test of ages. And their children have usually shown the same proud spirit of vigorous independence. We have been a happy family because each home has been the centre of a noble, manly, and pure morality, a struggle toward better things.

Now we are warned of a change in our character. Crime is increasing; and it is not the work of hardened and abandoned people, but of ordinary people, *feckless people*, who slip into evil ways because they have no strength of character. These people, we are told, are increasing.

Such a warning should help us to recover our faith in ideals. Unless we are aiming high, unless there is a driving power in us making for righteousness, we are liable to fall back, and the end of such fecklessness is discontent. Happiness goes hand in hand with high endeavour. The man who measures his strength against difficulty is happy; the man who slouches through life on the arm of State help is discontented.

Therefore we shall always proclaim here the gospel of *earnestness*. We believe in working hard and playing hard. We believe in effort, struggle, and growth. We believe that the only discontent worthy of a man is discontent with his victory over himself. Think of that.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London
above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the
cradle of the Journalism of the world



The Ship's Log

WHO has not wondered, in these days, what might have happened if the war had not been? We remember an old scientific friend who loved to speculate on What Might Have Been If Things Had Been Different.

One of his favourite contemplations concerned timber. He used to talk about the place of the tree in human history.

"Suppose vegetable growth had been different," he would say. "A tree is a vegetable. Suppose its growth and character had been quite different. You wouldn't have had ships. Without ships the world could not have been explored. History would have taken another turn. The first man who noticed a log floating on water, and thought about it, was the father of all the explorers, perhaps the father of all civilisation."

So thought runs on as we sit by the fire. It seems the right thing for each of us to do to shape the course of events as well as we can, so that Posterity need not wish they had been different.

For the 1000 men who will meet at Genoa:

Love justice, you that are
the judges of the earth.

What Words Do You Use?

PROFESSOR GILBERT MURRAY asks the question, "What is it that gives words their characters?" A strange mystery—the *character* of a word!

He answers it in this fashion. The character of a word is made by the company it keeps in the minds of those who use it. "A word which belongs to the language of bars and billiard saloons will become permeated by the normal standard of mind prevalent in such places; a word which suggests Milton or Carlyle will have the flavour of those men's minds about it."

See how true this is. Compare the simple and lovely language of the Prayer Book with the coarse slang of the race-course and the inane jargon of the music-hall. We have only to think of a few noble words to realise how feeble they would sound at a prize-fight, and of a few brutal words to realise how impossible they would be either in a cathedral or on a page of Plato's philosophy.

It is worth thinking about. To stamp our speech with something fine and true we must see that the company of words in our minds is of a noble character.

The words we use are an index to our place in the ranks of humanity.

Getting a Move On

By Peter Puck

STATESMEN begin to bark and bite.

Hurrah! cry all the papers;

Yet Science keeps her torch alight

Without such waxy tapers.

The Eagle Disarms

WE are tired of the sword, and so, apparently, is the American mint. It is issuing a new silver dollar. On one side is the American eagle with an olive branch in its claws, and on the other side is a broken sword.

That is the sort of money we like to have in our pockets.

Tip-Cat

A DOCTOR says pain is one of the kindest things Nature has given us. Yet we pay the doctor to take it away.

A PRIZE has been awarded in Paris to the owner of the most perfect small feet. A girl carried off the booty.

THE gentleman who thinks life is much more important than literature, has

turned his library into a larder, and keeps only Lamb and Bacon on his shelves.

SOME people go by train to get to their destination. Others go to practise talking aloud.

A VISCOUNT admits that his education has been almost entirely classical. Upper classical, of course.

WOULD it not be a good idea to

pass the cost of the old wars on to posterity, so that posterity cannot afford any new ones?

It is said that President Harding knows how to take advice. But does he know how to reject it?

A WOMAN who speaks 12 languages has married a man who speaks 17. But we think the woman will win.

HAPPINESS is said to be a habit. Some people wear it and others only put it on.

A Word for Teacher

THE C.N. believes in economy, but it does not believe in saving a penny on education so long as a penny is wasted on war.

Plain as a pikestaff is this fact: the future of the human race is chiefly in the hands of the doctor, the schoolmaster, and the journalist. Everybody who thinks at all knows that these three are infinitely more important to the State and to the future than all the politicians whose names ring in our ears.

The greatest nation of the future will be the nation whose teachers regard their work with a noble enthusiasm, who believe that they are shaping the men who will one day rule the world; and the proudest Government of the future will be that Government which admits such men to highest honour, and gives them generous reward.

The Master

By Harold Begbie

Now hear me, you fellows at football,
And hear me, you girls round the fire,

I sing like a hen after laying
Of things that all mortals desire;
I sing of a Wealth that is lasting,
Of Power that will never take flight,

Of Pleasure more sweet and less cloying
Than peaches or Turkish Delight.

GET up on the stroke when you waken,

And go to your tub with a song,
Rub hard with both flannel and towel,

Exclaim to yourself, "I am strong!"

Then on with your clothes in a jiffy
And out to the air for a run,
Singing "Brekker's a piece with all glory,

A thing to be worked for and won."

So on through the hours, loving all things,

Your work, and your games, and your life,

So on, till you chuck off your wrappings

And slip into bed like a knife,
Then say to yourself slow and often:

"I've lived every minute today,
And I am the absolute master
Of thoughts that must do as I say."

Beautiful Work

By Our Country Girl

I HAVE a friend who loves beautiful things, and with this fastidious person I had been searching all London for a lacquer standard lamp.

There was one at least in every shop we visited, but always the colours were crude or the designs ungraceful, and they were very dear. At last we found the perfect lamp—in a shop that sells toys and furniture made by disabled soldiers.

We exclaimed at the beauty of the designs in their lacquer-work.

The saleswoman said, "You see, our men have one of the finest collections in Europe to work from."

Indeed? we said; did they go to some museum?

"No," she said; "the collection is owned by a lady—a lady in society. She teaches the men. It is her war memorial to her son; she helps his comrades. It is beautiful work, isn't it? In both ways, I mean."

She removed a label from the lamp. It gave the name, regiment, and wounds of the man who had made it.

"The men are always so pleased to hear that their own thing has been sold," she explained. And, showing us a particularly delicate bit of work, she added: "All our lacquer workers are one-armed men."

His Last Word

I bid you be of Hope. Let that be my last word.
THOMAS CARLYLE

ALASKA'S GROWING HOMES

Real Settlement Now Going On

NUMBER OF SCHOOL TEACHERS DOUBLED IN TEN YEARS

The fact that the white population of Alaska shows some falling off, as already mentioned in the C.N., has caused a good deal of concern to the United States Government; but an official of the Agricultural Department and the Forest Service who has been visiting Alaska recently has issued a report that is very optimistic.

The average Alaskan, he says, is prosperous, busy, and optimistic, and is not looking for sympathy or assistance. The impression that is common today that the white Alaskan is doomed to follow in the footprints of the dodo and the two-toed horse is quite unjustified.

The typical Alaskan of the last generation, he explains, was a young fellow who came to hunt for gold and had no idea of staying permanently in Alaska. As a matter of fact, he did not stay whether he found gold or not. Gradually, however, there has been built up a permanent population of white people, and this resident population is increasing and showing a smaller percentage of unmarried men than the records formerly indicated.

A Splendid Record

Mr. Sherman points out the astonishing fact, of which Alaska may well be proud, that this territory furnished a greater percentage of soldiers to the war than any of the States. Many of these soldiers never returned to Alaska, but that loss has been almost made up by natural increase, and there is every reason for satisfaction.

"Alaska," he says, "has been changed from a land of bachelor boarding-house shanties to a land of homes"—truly a splendid change—and as evidence of this Mr. Sherman points out that the number of women school teachers in the country has doubled in ten years.

The last census, too, showed a large number of new small towns as compared with the former few large mining camps. Altogether Mr. Sherman's report is extremely hopeful and gives a new view of this distant territory.

HIDDEN TREASURES

Paintings Worth £40,000 Lost and Found

How many treasures of art are hidden away in lumber-rooms and old houses? How many are destroyed because their value goes unrecognised?

The famous French painter Jean-François Millet, whose *Angelus* and *Gleaners* are so well known, lived when he was young near Cherbourg, in the north of France.

He painted a number of his relatives and friends, and a dozen of these portraits, with a few other subject-pictures, were hidden away in the house of a doctor who was one of the artist's cousins. He died, and left them to the town of Cherbourg, which has now added them to its picture collection, so they are to be seen for the first time after seventy-five years. They are valued at £40,000.

Behind a piano in a house at Clapham there has turned up what is said by some to be the only portrait of Shakespeare painted while he was alive. In 1889 it was found among a lot of rubbish at Chelsea. The Shakespeare Memorial Committee at Stratford-on-Avon heard about it, and exhibited it there until 1897. Then the owner demanded it back.

Five years later he died, the picture was pushed away behind the piano, and there it had been ever since until the other day. It may not be genuine, but it is strange that a picture with such a fascinating possibility about it could be forgotten for so long a time.

A NEW FLAG FLIES OVER LONDON

LONDON has a new flag. It was flown for the first time over Westminster Abbey on the day of Princess Mary's wedding. The C.N. representative, who had a seat in the Abbey, saw it flying as he entered.

This interesting flag has just been prepared for the use of the Abbey, which now possesses a flag of its own for use on all ceremonial occasions.

The design constitutes the arms of the ancient see of Westminster, which during a short period was actually a separate bishopric.

It is in three parts. The lower portion of the flag has the arms of Edward the Confessor, the founder of the Abbey, a

gold cross surrounded by five gold birds, or martlets, on a blue background. In the middle of the upper part are the arms of England in the time of Queen Elizabeth—the fleurs-de-lis of France, and the golden lions of England. On each side is the red-and-white Tudor rose, the symbol of union between the Yorkists and Lancastrians.

Thus, portrayed in the arms on the new flag are important points in the history of Westminster Abbey—the founding of the building by Edward the Confessor, the dissolution of the monasteries by Henry VIII, and the reinstatement by Queen Elizabeth of a dean who had been removed from office during Queen Mary's reign. *Picture on page 4*

SOMETHING LIKE A CIRCUS



It is reported that a famous firm of tourist agents in Ludgate Circus, the circus to which all travellers come some day, have received a letter from an Indian, asking if his son Ali may join their famous circus!

We give the letter on page 11; here we give an impression of the famous Circus of Ludgate as our artist, Mr. J. R. Monsell, sees it, and as we may see it on almost any day

DOG THAT BROUGHT FOOD TO HIS MASTER

OF all the touching dog stories there is none to beat that of George, the big hound belonging to Colonel Rawlinson, so long a prisoner in Turkey under very uncomfortable conditions.

Often he would not have had enough food to keep him alive if the dog had not brought him pieces of bread and meat that Turkish women and children threw to him.

George never thought of eating these before he had brought them into the cellar where his master was confined. There they used to share the scraps, and then nestle close to one another for warmth as well as sympathy.

When Colonel Rawlinson was released he and George travelled together to Paris. There the dog was left while his master paid a short visit to England. Then they both went to the South of France to pick up health and strength

after their privations. When he returned to England a few weeks ago, Colonel Rawlinson had to leave George at Dover to be kept in quarantine.

Parting with the dog to which he owed so much, his life very likely, made the colonel very sad. Poor George could not understand why he was not allowed to go home with his master. He stood up, and waved his right paw to bid farewell; and Colonel Rawlinson hurried away with his eyes full of tears.

It seemed hard that these good comrades should be parted, but the wise regulation which forbids dogs to be at liberty in this country until they have been proved not to have any poison of rabies in their system has stamped out that terrible disease hydrophobia, and must, therefore, be enforced, however hard it may be on George and his grateful master. *Picture on page 12*

SKY-SCRAPERS

WHY THEY WILL NOT DO FOR LONDON

The Height of a Building and the Width of a Street

THINGS TO REMEMBER

By Our Architectural Correspondent

The boys and girls of today will live to see changes so great that the aspect of many things will be completely altered in their time.

Among the things that are changing are buildings, though these change more slowly than many other things because they last so long. Great parts of our cities will be rebuilt, however, during the next thirty years. Indeed, there have been such changes in London during the last thirty years that grown-ups often have difficulty in recalling the buildings that have disappeared.

Buildings form the framework of our town life, and even in the country they play a large part in the picture.

When a builder puts up a house or a factory or a hall he constructs the very scenery of life.

Thirty-Storey Buildings

Just now there is much talk of introducing sky-scrapers in London. A sky-scraper, of course, is the name given to the towering buildings so familiar in America, where they think nothing of a building thirty storeys, or some hundreds of feet high! We have no such buildings in Britain, and, indeed, our building by-laws, as enacted by the various Local Government Authorities, forbid them.

But the American idea of giant buildings is spreading to other countries. An office building thirty storeys high has just been designed for erection in Barcelona, in Spain.

Unfortunately, many people have not thought much about the American laws relating to sky-scrapers. If they did they would realise that the London of today could not possibly be covered with these gigantic buildings.

Letting in the Light

What makes the sky-scraper possible is the wide street. Where streets are narrow it is out of the question.

London, like most of our big cities, has many narrow thoroughfares. Few of its streets have any considerable width.

Suppose, then, we had in London the by-laws that regulate the height of buildings in New York.

According to the New York law a building in the business quarter may not be more than two and a half times the width of the street. If, therefore, a street is only 40 feet wide, no sky-scraper may be erected on its frontage, for the highest building allowed on the frontage would be two and a half times 40, or 100, feet high.

But this does not mean that such a street could not have a taller building in it, because the New York law goes on to say that the building may be higher if it is set back one foot for every additional foot added to the height.

This means that the man who puts up a high building in New York has to widen the space in front of it. He is not allowed to shut out the light.

Making Two Streets Into One

If we apply this common-sense rule to London we shall see that in many parts, under the wise American law, no sky-scraper could be put up. For not only are our streets narrow, but the pieces of building land on each side of them are narrow also, so that the tall building could not be put back from the frontage.

If, therefore, we are to have much taller buildings in a country like ours, which so often has dull days, it is very necessary to remember these things. Taller buildings are possible only if we widen our streets so that the sun may get into them.

In some parts of London it would be necessary to turn two streets into one in order to get in sky-scrapers.

MUSIC IN THE MINE

Firing Explosives with Sound Waves

WILL THE QUARRIES EMPLOY A TRUMPETER?

Can explosives be fired by sound waves? Major H. C. Woodward, an ex-officer of the United States Army who has been making experiments in this branch of science, says they can, and the United States Government is now carrying out a series of tests in the exploding of shells and mines by means of musical sounds which may have far-reaching effects, not only in war but in peace.

The researches of recent years in the detonation of high explosives, Major Woodward explains, bring out clearly a sympathetic connection between the vibrating waves of a musical instrument and the detonating waves of the various fulminates.

In order to cause the disintegration of the molecule, a detonating wave is necessary, and this is usually caused by the explosion of a charge of fulminate.

The wave, Major Woodward says, can be produced without the use of the fulminate, a musical instrument taking the place of the explosive.

If the American Government's tests prove satisfactory it is quite possible that quarries and mines where explosives are used for the breaking up of the rock will have on their staffs a trumpeter or other instrumentalist, who will simply blow a blast or play a tune in order to fire the charge which has been placed in position among the rocks.

DESCENDANT OF KINGS

Ceremony in a Coral Church

Prince Kuhio, the last of the Hawaiian royalty, who represented Hawaii at the Washington Conference, is dead and has been buried with kingly dignity in this outlying part of the American Republic.

Writing from Honolulu on January 12, a correspondent says Kuhio was a full-blooded Hawaiian, descended from the kings, a great personality, and beloved by the Hawaiian people.

He died at his home at Waikiki suddenly, and was removed at midnight to the old Kawaiha Church, made out of coral.

The women warriors, descended from the old chiefs, clad in scarlet and yellow feathered capes, with garlands of the same colour, and waving large fans, marched silently. It was very reverent and weird.

Civilisation has not caused the Hawaiian people to lose their sense of the picturesque.

MYSTERY CITY OF THE EAST

Strange Discovery in China

Travellers through the interior of China have reported in Peking a strange and interesting discovery.

In a plain watered by the Yellow River a city has been built under European guidance. Its 12,000 inhabitants govern themselves without interference from the Chinese. They have made a system of canals to irrigate what was until recently a desert, and here, in place of barren sand, there are fields of grain and garden produce, trees and flowers in profusion.

The founder of the city is said to have been a Belgian, who has taken a Chinese name. He bought land and started a settlement which has been growing in size for a good many years.

Among the settlers are a few French, Dutch, and British. All are well off. Most families breed sheep, and the irrigated land affords good pasture. They work their farms with ponies, mules, and oxen. The district is peaceable, and order is seldom disturbed.

Seeing With the Mind

WHY WE SHOULD ALWAYS PAY ATTENTION

C. B. Fry Tells C.N. Readers How They Can Make a Pleasure of Their Work

THE OLD STORY OF EYES AND NO EYES

Here we give another of Commander C. B. Fry's letters to C.N. readers, in which he explains the art of exercising the power of observation

Knowledge is a large part of power. Ability to do a thing depends in a great measure in knowing about and round about the thing. How do you extinguish a petrol fire? How do you get near a wild animal? How do you resuscitate an apparently drowned man or one who has received an electric shock? How and when do you transplant a small tree?

Part of our knowledge is secondhand from reading and listening, and a very valuable part. The other part is first-hand and comes from observation; and the value of direct, immediate experience is enormous. First-hand knowledge is our very own: it is something we ourselves have become. Yet most people are far weaker in this first-hand knowledge than in the other kind.

Consider. Life in its bare self amounts to nothing much; its value comes from how we use it. We must get hold of that truth; it gives a great light.

But we cannot use life well without the power that comes from knowledge, and much of the best knowledge can only be got by observing, by seeing.

Listening Without Hearing

Consider again. It is quite easy to read without absorbing, to listen without hearing, and, especially, to look at a thing without really seeing it. To observe means to see a thing when you look at it and to see it with your mind as well as merely with your eyes. It is a considerable art, to observe, and one well worth mastering. Moreover, no one else can observe for you or learn the art for you, any more than some one else can grow for you.

The gunner may look at the countryside and not pick up his target; the deerstalker may gaze at the heather hill and not spot the deer; the fisherman may peer into the pool and not notice the fish.

We all need the seeing eye, the eye that can disengage our "target" from its surroundings.

But there is more: for the gunner may see an object and not know if it is the enemy; the stalker may see an animal and not know if it is a warrantable stag; the fisherman may see the fish and not know what kind it is.

Importance of a Good Model

The seeing eye not only sees the thing; it sees, also, what it is. And here a trap occurs; for after seeing the thing one man will also see what it is, another merely infer what it is, and yet another simply just guess what it is. There is a big difference.

Experienced lawyers say it is extraordinarily difficult to get an uneducated witness—in fact, almost any witness—to distinguish between what he actually observed and what he has been led somehow to suppose was happening.

Consider yet a third time. On occasion, what we have directly got is just what we here and now perceive. This is a hole through which we look at all else we say we know. So, in truth, nearly all that we call our world exists for us as a sort of mental model, a sort of mental building; and that our model, our building, should conform with things as they really are is a matter of signal importance.

A moment's reflection will show how much of error and trouble comes from people working with an incorrect model, a bad building: they are for ever working on a basis of fancy and fiction instead of reality. But it is observation that helps a man to build his model well and truly, for even his secondhand knowledge should be tested by experience.

All this is quite easy to understand. As for the art of observation being not easy, there is also this to say—that, though natural aptitude counts for much, anyone can certainly improve out of recognition his natural power by trying.

Now for some practical hints—though we can provide them ourselves if we have grasped what has been said. First this, that nineteen times out of twenty, the finder, the inventor, the man who sees, is one who is well acquainted with his subject. It is the experienced electrical practitioner who discovers new electrical phenomena, for not only has he knowledge that assists him and a trained eye, but he acquires a kind of instinct as to where to look and what to look for; and the more he *thinks* the more he will see, and, even if he guesses, he does so under unconscious guidance by fact.

Taking an All-Round Look

Apart from that, there are two main requisites—to observe the thing and to observe what it is. Take an all-round look; but then, for finding and seeing, divide the whole area up into convenient small areas, and search each out one by one.

This is a simple rule, but it is worth a lot—it works.

How do you find a collar-stud on a big, carpeted floor? Not by repeated general surveys, I fancy. This rule applies more or less to every subject of investigation. Ask your brother what Miss K. wore at the dance last night, then ask your sister. Ask one fellow what the lecture was about, and then ask one whom you know can attend and distinguish. Mind you, good observers do this dividing-up unconsciously; but it has got to be done. You need a mental piece of glass marked off in a number of squares, like squared paper; you need to use this to look at an "area" of things or events.

But most often what you need to do is to see *what* a thing is after you have seen it. Here, again, the same rule applies—divide it up for attention.

There is the key word, attention—keen, directed, organised looking with every sense and every faculty concentrated. The crux is to be able really to attend. This is the great secret of successful observation.

No advice will help you except that the need can be pointed out, and you be told that you simply must by effort acquire the ability to attend till it has become a habit.

Difficulty of Learning

I have had a lot to do with training boys, and as far as instruction goes the great difficulty is that so few boys can learn because so few, though willing, are able to attend and to concentrate. Once get a boy to do that and the rest is comparatively easy. I dare say girls are the same.

The most important "tip" I can give you is this: If you find it hard to attend do not set your jaw and look like a strong, silent American financier. No. First, calmly decide that this subject has got to be extremely interesting and that you hope to make a fine art of being interested in it. Then, calmly but wide-awake, set about attending to it, and if your mind wanders kick yourself for doing what you did not want to do. Keep at this régime for a few weeks, and you will be home. It is this first struggle that is the bother.

After that it is easier every time, and work becomes a pleasure just because you are working as an artist. C. B. F.

THE WEEK IN HISTORY

A NOBLE EMPEROR

Man Who Lived to Make the People Happy

MARCUS AURELIUS AND HIS MEDITATIONS

March 12. Bishop Berkeley born near Kilkenny 1685
13. Alexander II assassinated at Petrograd . . . 1881
14. Victory of French King Henry IV at Ivry 1590
15. Sir Henry Bessmer died in London . . . 1893
16. Long Parliament dissolved. 1660
17. Marcus Aurelius died at Pannonia. . . . 180
18. London-to-Paris telephone first used. . . 1891

On March 17 in the year 180 A.D., and in the twentieth year of his reign, died Marcus Aurelius, the Roman Emperor who made a greater impression on the



Marcus Aurelius

human mind than any ruler in the ancient world. Probably today a large majority of people who have knowledge think of him as the noblest man who ever ruled a nation.

From his boyhood Marcus Aurelius was singled out as a pattern of the finest human nature. The Emperor Hadrian adopted the uncle of Marcus Aurelius as the next emperor on the condition that he should nominate Marcus to succeed him. Marcus was then seventeen, and he became emperor when he was forty.

He had been trained for his task from childhood. His belief was that a ruler should live entirely for his country, and he put that belief faithfully into practice.

Unhappily, his reign was troubled with frequent wars. For that he was in no way to blame, for he did not wish to extend the power of Rome. His aim was "to make more people happy, and happy in a better way." But he was attacked by the nations outside the imperial frontiers, and so had to defend the lands he ruled so well. His firmness in resisting aggression was matched by his generosity when he was victorious.

A Generous Deed

A striking instance occurred when the general commanding his army in the Asiatic part of the Roman Empire rebelled, at a time when the Romans were hard pressed by other enemies. The general was slain, and all his papers, which showed who had been helping him, fell into the Emperor's hands. Instead of punishing his secret enemies he burned all the papers that would prove their guilt, and did not read them, thus leaving it to their conscience to be more loyal in the future.

We know Marcus Aurelius better than we know any man who ruled in those distant days. We know his mind because he wrote his thoughts of how men ought to live, jotting them down from time to time in the midst of a busy life, and we have them today as "The Meditations of Marcus Aurelius."

Man of Noble Thoughts

The Meditations circulate still in tens of thousands of copies. Every educated person is supposed to have read them, and many think them the best book ever written outside of Christian teaching.

We also know this great emperor's features, for when he died everyone who could afford it bought his statue or bust, and in consequence many likenesses of him have been preserved.

Against him the only thing that can be said is that Christians were martyred during his reign. They were thought to be dangerous to the Empire. Probably the Emperor did not know their real beliefs, for much of his thinking was like much of theirs.

Here is one of his thoughts for us to think about: No one can really hurt you if he does not make you do what is wrong.

OTTERS GROW BOLD

Animals that Landed a 43-Pound Salmon

MOST GRACEFUL OF ALL BRITISH MAMMALS

By Our Country Correspondent

Otters are on the increase in Wales. Two at Dolgelly recently landed a 43-pound salmon successfully.

The otter is probably the most beautiful quadruped left to us in Britain, and it will be a thousand pities if its increase leads to an organised attempt to exterminate it so that it may not take its toll of fish from the rivers.

It is fairly general in its distribution throughout the country, especially near the coast, and to those who are fortunate enough to see it when it is landing its prey it certainly looks ferocious.

Its action on land is not ungraceful, but in the water it is an animal of peculiar elegance of movement, swimming with an ease and grace equalled by no other British mammal.

The otter swims in an almost horizontal position, and can dive instantaneously after fish that glide beneath it. If necessary, it pursues the victim under water, and rarely does its prey escape.

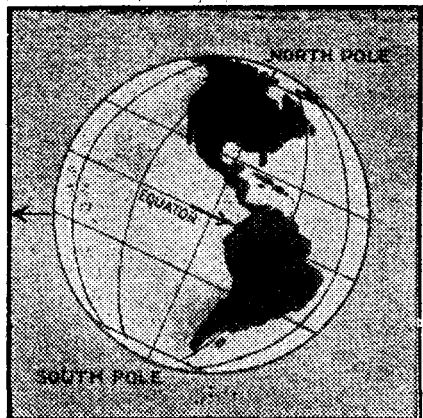
Fish is its sole diet, and it will often descend to the sea in search of food. When the fish is landed it is held between the forepaws, and is then eaten head first, the tail being left.

Otters will travel for miles in the course of a single night.

It is during the present month and April that the young are born. The parent otter makes a nest of grass in a hole in the bank of a river, well protected by overhanging earth or by the projecting roots of a tree, and there the young family is reared.

An observer near such a stream may, with a little patience, see the mother otter gambolling with her children on the banks of the river, and an exceedingly pretty sight it is. The body of the otter is particularly adapted to swimming, being much flattened horizontally, and its broad tail forms an admirable rudder. The male often turns the scale at a quarter of a hundred-weight, and some weigh forty pounds.

THE EARTH SEEN FROM THE SUN



The earth at 6 p.m. on any day in March as it would be seen through a telescope from the sun. The lines of latitude and longitude are put in to show the tilt. The arrows show the way the earth is travelling and rotating.

Newspaper Notes and Queries

What does Purple mean? This is the name in heraldry for the colour purple.

What is a Sea Purse? The skate's horny egg case, often found on the beach.

Who was Demos? Demos was not a person. It is a Greek word meaning the people, and democratic is derived from it. The rule of Demos means the rule of the mob.

What are Antipodes? This is a word used only in the plural, and means the country on the opposite side of the earth. It is also used figuratively for anything opposite or contrary.

PASTEUR INSTITUTE'S FINE RECORD

How It Worked in the War

MILLIONS OF LIVES SAVED

Little has been heard of the splendid work done by the Pasteur Institute during the war, but a report has just been issued by Dr. A. Calmette, the assistant director, which shows how enormous and valuable this was.

At the beginning of the war the Institute was producing 80,000 vials of serum a month. When the mobilisation came its staff was tremendously depleted, but despite this it increased its work and its output, those members of the staff who remained working day and night, Sunday and holiday, almost without a break.

Altogether, in about four years it produced six million doses of serum for France, a million for Italy, 800,000 for the American Army and Red Cross, 70,000 for Belgium, 40,000 for Rumania, and 10,000 for Serbia.

During the great German offensive of 1918 over 20,000 vials of anti-tetanus serum were produced daily.

It is an amazing record, and no one can say how many thousands, and perhaps millions, of lives were saved by this splendid institute.

HOW SEA WATER SAVED A CREW

An Idea for Ships

An Irish magistrate, referring to a report that the crew of a sailing ship lived for a month on beans cooked in sea water and were only prevented by rain from perishing of thirst, tells of an earlier incident which, he thinks, may be useful, as it shows the value of oatmeal under similar circumstances.

About twenty years ago a small vessel manned by four men was carried north almost as far as Iceland while trying to reach Galway. It was some weeks before they finally made Lough Swilly, where they drifted ashore.

The captain had to account for the loss of his vessel before a magistrate. He said he believed the crew would have perished but for a bag of oatmeal among the provisions.

Oatmeal requires salt, and they made porridge with salt water, a wholesome and palatable food that served both as food and drink.

Our correspondent adds that he has often thought of publishing this for the benefit of sea-going folk, and so now passes it on to the C.N.

He suggests that a few large tins of oatmeal—not flaked—should be carried by ships for cases of water shortage.

TREES FOR LONELY ISLANDS

A Forest for the Falklands

Not many people know the Falkland Isles, not many go there, though they have a name which rings in every English ear as the base from which Admiral Sturdee set out with the Invincible and Inflexible to destroy the German squadron of Admiral von Spee.

The new interest felt in the Falklands since then has given impetus to a scheme for cultivating forest and other trees on the barren surface of these lonely isles.

Last November, after consultation with the authorities at Kew, a young student forester from Edinburgh, Mr. James Reid, sailed for the Falklands as forest officer, taking with him a great consignment of young trees from Chester, and seeds and cuttings from Kew. Pines and spruce and fir have been sent, and, including seedlings, they number 20,000 in all. Scotland sent some valuable seedlings, and in response to a suggestion from New Zealand an attempt is to be made to cultivate the valuable New Zealand flax in the islands.

One of the extreme precautions that had to be taken was to ensure that all the plants were free from plant disease.

C.N. QUESTION BOX

Little Puzzles in Natural History

Answered by Our Natural Historian

All questions must be asked on postcards, and not more than one question on each card.

Did the Turkey Come From Turkey?

All our farmyard turkeys are from birds whose native land was Mexico.

What is the Food of the Grass Snake?

Frogs, toads, newts, many insects, and such young birds as it can catch.

Why Has the Camel so Curious a Gait?

Because in walking or running, unlike the horse, it moves both legs on one side simultaneously.

Do Antelopes Chew the Cud?

Yes; all the antelopes, of which over a hundred species are known, chew the cud; and so do all the deer.

Do Condors Always Live on Heights?

No; their range is varied. They nest in the Andes at all heights, from sea-level up to 16,000 feet and more.

What Did the Ancient Pterodactyl Eat?

We infer, from its strongly-toothed jaws, that this ancient ancestor of birds must have eaten flesh like a crocodile.

Which Are the Most Numerous Fishes?

Of edible fishes the herrings take first place. In a good season 3000 million are caught in the North Atlantic without reducing supplies unduly.

How Does a Frog Breathe When Hibernating at the Bottom of a Pond?

It does not breathe in the ordinary sense. It obtains oxygen, through its skin, from the water or other medium in which it lies; but it needs very little.

How Can Funguses be Preserved?

No amateur collector completely succeeds in preserving the softer sorts. Even the tough varieties, which grow on timber, lose colour in the cabinet.

How Long Does a Wood Pigeon Live?

There is no means of knowing the length of life of these birds in the wilds, but one which is a domestic pet at Ingrave, in Essex, is still alive after 25 years' captivity.

How Many Species of Reptiles are There?

Science has not completed its list, but it can already group existing reptiles into nearly 2500 species. Of these snakes, nearly 1640 species, and lizards, almost as many, are by far the most numerous.

Are British Food Crops Native Growths?

Few of them are. Wheat was brought from Asia, potatoes from America, swede turnips from Northern Europe. The early Britons brought corn with them and sowed it on the scene of their conquest.

Do Elephants Ever Drink with Their Mouths?

The young elephant always does when sucking its mother's milk, and an adult elephant whose trunk is injured drinks with its mouth. Ordinarily the elephant sucks up water in its trunk, then squirts it down its throat.

Is the Rhinoceros Intelligent?

Generally these animals are accounted dull and prone to unreasoning ferocity, but the New York Zoo has one which, on a chilly day, strolls in from its paddock to its stable and closes the door, in "a deliberate reasoning effort to keep out the cold," says the curator.

Can We Know if There is Life on Mars?

We cannot say definitely, though there is much to suggest vegetation on that planet. A wonderful new telescope in an old mine shaft, which is to be made in America in readiness for when Mars reaches its nearest point to the earth, will bring the planet within a mile and a half of the earth. A very interesting illustrated article on this dramatic scheme will be found in the C.N. monthly for March, My Magazine, now lying on the bookstalls with this paper.

THE STARS OF THE PLOUGH

FAMILY OF GIANT SUNS

Meteors Flash Across the Great Bear

ATMOSPHERE OF INCANDESCENT HYDROGEN

By Our Astronomical Correspondent

Of particular interest next week will be the seven bright stars of the Great Bear, or Ursa Major.

These stars, popularly known as The Plough, may reward their observers for the next fortnight with the spectacle of an occasional bright meteor shooting across the sky from the region of Merak, one of the seven stars.

These meteors are known as the Ursids, taking their name from this magnificent constellation, although they have nothing whatever to do with the stars of Ursa Major. The meteors merely appear to come from this direction when the Earth in her orbit crosses their path and annually draws a few of them into her atmosphere.

Partnership in Space

These stars of the Plough are now a prominent feature of the night sky, being nearly overhead at 9 p.m., and toward the north-east earlier in the evening. They comprise less than a fourth part of the great constellation of Ursa Major, constituting only the back and long tail of the Great Bear.

A wonderful celestial story is connected with these seven stars, for five of them are known to be associated and to form a gigantic family of suns. The five are Merak—also known as Beta—Gamma, Delta, Epsilon, and Zeta, sometimes known by the Arabic name Mizar.

The first evidence that these suns were members of a celestial family was obtained over thirty years ago, when it was found that they were all travelling in the same direction across the sky.



The Plough, with five stars travelling in one direction

as shown by the arrows in our map. In recent years facts have been discovered proving that this inference was correct.

It has been found that in four instances—Gamma, Delta, Epsilon, and Zeta—the distances, respectively 76, 72, 69, and 88 light years, are sufficiently close to fit in with the inference that they are connected by some common partnership in space; Merak, which is also known as Beta, is in the same partnership although but 44 light years distant from us.

Another feature common to them is the fact that they are all approaching us, not directly, but diagonally across the sky, and that after each minute they are between ten and eleven hundred miles nearer to us.

The Five Brothers

The five brother suns also possess a family likeness, being of a very similar character, known as the A type of star, the kind to which Sirius belongs. They are very white and hot suns, all much larger than ours, and with a large atmospheric envelope of incandescent hydrogen. The spectroscopic analysis of their light has shown that, though they have minor individual peculiarities, the general state of the elements composing them and the point they have reached in their evolution into suns are very similar, a circumstance suggesting a common origin for them all.

The marvel is that such enormous distances should now separate them. There are reasons for believing that they are still further separating, and perhaps some clever mathematician may some day succeed in tracing back the path of each to a common source, the place of their birth, and give their age. G. F. M.

A Fine New Adventure Story by T. C. Bridges Begins Next Week

LOST IN THE TRAIN

The Missing Title-Deeds of Medland School

Told by T. C. Bridges, the C.N. Storyteller

CHAPTER 69

The Race to Warley

ABOVE the throb of the car engine Dicky could hear in the distance a dull sound, like steady, prolonged thunder, which grew gradually louder. No need to ask what it was. The dam was down, and the contents of the great reservoir—hundreds of thousands of tons of water—were rolling in majesty down the valley.

The Professor drove magnificently, and as the car shot round a corner lights showed up ahead. Next instant they had pulled up on a little rise almost opposite the main gates of Warley Hall.

"The car will be all right here," said the Professor as he sprang out.

Dicky followed him nimbly, and he, the Professor, Dr. Fair, and Miss Morland all ran helter-skelter through the gates and along the drive to the house.

Miss Morland pulled the bell. "How long will the water take to reach us?" she asked curtly of the Professor.

"Five minutes, I should say," was his reply; and as he spoke the door opened and there stood Miss Morland's second-in-command, Miss Dewey.

"Oh, I am so glad you are back!" she exclaimed. "What is that dreadful noise?"

"The Deadwater Dam has gone," replied Miss Morland. "We have perhaps five minutes to get the girls out. Take the left wing. I will go to the right. Robert, you and the Professor wait here in case we need help."

When it came to an emergency, Miss Morland was all there, and she was gone almost before she had finished speaking. The roar was growing louder each instant.

Dicky was white with anxiety on Cicely's account, but the Professor put a hand on his shoulder.

"All right, my boy," he said. "The house is quite two hundred yards from the river and twenty or thirty feet above it. Though the flood may rise to this level I doubt if there is any great danger; the full force of it will be spent in the bottom of the valley."

Dicky took courage, and next minute girls came flying down the staircase. Almost the first was Cicely.

"Oh, Dicky, are we going to be drowned?" she cried.

"Not a bit of it," replied Dicky sturdily. "The worst will be a wetting. Come on. We're all going to the new house across the road."

Taking her arm, he ran out, and other girls followed.

The roar was deafening, and as they reached the road the gate lights shone on a shallow surge of water sweeping up it. Dicky held Cicely tight and charged through, and the others followed. It was not up to their knees.

Another minute, and they were all hurrying up the steep slope to the new house, and presently were safe out of the rain and flood in the big, well-lighted hall. There the Doctor, the Professor, Miss Morland, and the rest joined them.

Miss Morland counted her flock, and sighed with relief as she found them all safe.

"And to think what might have happened if that brave boy had not brought us the warning!" she exclaimed, as she listened to the flood rushing down the road.

"Was it Joe?" asked Cicely of Dicky.

"Yes, it was Joe," whispered back Dicky, "but don't ask questions. I'll tell you all I can tomorrow."

Cicely's eyes widened.

"But I shan't see you tomorrow."

"Oh, yes, you will!" answered Dicky, with a smile. "Miss Morland has had her deeds back, and everything is all right."

Cicely fairly shrieked with delight, and the news spread like magic to the other girls. They were all so pleased that they quite forgot the discomforts of getting wet and having no beds to sleep in. But big fires were soon blazing, wet clothes were dried, and all were talking sixteen to the dozen.

CHAPTER 70

The Doctor Explains

THE flood passed, but it was daylight before any of the refugees ventured out. When they did so it was to find that the whole valley had been swept, that some houses were gone altogether, and that one end of one wing of Warley Hall was down.

The damage was bad enough, but it would have been very much worse if the lock gates had not been opened, so allowing the bulk of the water to escape; and, thanks to Joe's warning, not a single life had been lost in the village.

Back at the school Dicky was promptly sent off to bed, but not until he had heard that Joe was safe in the sick-ward, and doing well.

The school were all agog to hear the story of what had happened; and Tom Burland was kept busy staving off awkward questions.

Luckily there was so much he could tell that he was able to keep back the unpleasant parts. He let every one believe that Last had been chasing Janion when he discovered that the dam was giving way.

That afternoon a notice was posted that all the boys were to attend at four o'clock in the big schoolroom.

Everyone was on tip-toe with excitement. To Tom's delight, Dicky appeared just in time to take his seat beside him. Dr. Fair came in and, with him, Miss Morland. The Doctor stood up and looked round.

"Boys," he began, in that clear, penetrating voice of his, "you all know how Miss Morland lost her bag during the accident to the train on the first day of this term. I think you know, too, that the bag contained papers of considerable value. The mystery of that loss has gone far to upset us all and to render the first part of this term a failure. That trouble is at an end. The mystery is solved, and the credit is principally due to the pluck and energy of Dent and Burland."

Dicky's cheeks went the colour of a poppy. He had not expected this, and was much embarrassed.

Tom reddened and looked sheepish. A murmur of applause broke out, but the Doctor checked it.

"Wait!" he said. "I have more to tell you. It was a third boy, Last, who actually succeeded in recovering Miss Morland's papers from the real thief. And it was Joe Last who, by an extraordinary feat of bravery and strength, managed to warn the village last night of the breaking of the great dam and of the coming flood. By so doing he saved thousands of pounds' worth of property and many lives."

Applause broke out again, but again the Doctor raised his hand.

"I have given praise where praise is due. Now I have some thing less pleasant to say. Certain boys are deeply to blame. I am not going to mention any names at present or to give details, for I

have not yet made up my mind how I shall deal with them."

All eyes were on Calvert, who scowled and wriggled miserably in his seat. Philip Aylmer, too, looked extremely unhappy.

The Doctor paused a moment, then continued:

"And now I have good news to tell you. Miss Morland wishes me to say that all is to be as it was last term. The Sunday teas will be resumed, and boys with sisters at Warley Hall will be allowed to see them as before."

He got no farther. Every boy in the room was on his feet.

"Three cheers for Miss Morland!" yelled someone; and they were given with a roar.

"And three for the Master!" And they, too, crashed out.

"Three cheers for Dicky Dent and Tom Burland!" rose another voice above the din. "And three for Joe Last!" The window panes rattled with the shouting, and dust floated down from the ancient rafters in the roof.

Next moment Dicky and Tom were surrounded by boys who slapped them on the back and shook their hands, many saying shamefacedly how sorry they were for having treated them so badly.

The Doctor stood, smiling as he watched. When the din had subsided he raised his hand again.

"Just one word more, boys. In order to celebrate this occasion I propose to give the school a whole holiday one day next week. Professor Perrin suggests to me that some of you might like to see a new range of caves which Dent and Burland have discovered in the cliffs. He suggests a picnic for the whole school, and I have given my consent."

"Top hole!" "Splendid!" "What a lark!" came shouts. "Thank you, sir," cried a score of boys at once.

Still smiling, the Doctor turned and left the platform, and the boys poured out into the quadrangle. Dicky and Tom slipped away and found a place under the trees where they could talk.

"It's turned out all right," said Dicky to his chum.

"Top hole!" agreed Tom. Dicky considered a little.

"The only thing that worries me is about Joe," he said.

"How do you mean, Dicky?"

"Suppose Janion goes to the police, and tells them it was Joe who took the money out of Miss Morland's bag?"

Tom's face went very grave.

"I'd forgotten that—clean forgotten it. You're right, Dicky. It would be the very mischief!" He paused, then went on in a more cheerful voice: "But Janion has cleared out, and I don't suppose he will ever come back."

"The police might catch him," returned Dicky. "Then they'd have to arrest Joe."

"It's a bad job, Dicky; a horrid job. But what can we do?"

CHAPTER 71

What the Flood Left

IN silence the two walked toward the gates.

"Let's go and look at the river," suggested Tom.

The water had run down and the river was again between its banks, but the centre of the valley was a scene of dreadful desolation: trees, fences, roofs of sheds, logs, planks, all sorts of stuff were flung up in heaps in the meadows along the line of high-water mark, and many people were searching among the muddy piles for their property.

The boys wandered about for a while, then, as it was getting near tea-time, turned toward the school.

As they walked up the road suddenly there came out of a field gate four men carrying on their shoulders a hurdle. On it lay what was unmistakably the figure of a man, though covered with sacking.

Dicky pulled up short. "It—it's a dead man," he said in an awed whisper.

"I'm afraid it is," replied Tom; "but I thought they said no lives had been lost."

The four men carrying the hurdle passed on; then Dicky saw another come through the gate. It was their old friend, the sergeant.

Dicky ran up to him. "Who is it?" he asked quickly.

The sergeant looked at Dicky. "Why, it's Mr. Dent!" he said.

"You mean the drowned chap?" he continued, nodding in the direction of the bier. "No one as you need worry about a lot," he added grimly. "It's that Janion. They've only just found his body lying in a heap of stuff down below the town. No one knows how he got there, but it's plain he was washed down a long way."

"Strange thing, ain't it?" he continued thoughtfully. "So far as we know he's the only one as was drowned in all the valley."

Dicky hardly heard, for, muttering a word of thanks to the sergeant, he scuttled back to Tom.

"It's Janion," he said. "Janion is dead—and—and Joe is safe."

Tom shivered slightly.

"Poor creature!" he said slowly. "But I can't be sorry. Let's hurry back and send word to Joe."

The picnic at the caves was a huge success, and all the more so because Calvert was conspicuous by his absence. The Doctor had requested his people to take Calvert away from Medland, and they had done so.

The Doctor had been in two minds about removing Philip Aylmer also. Joe Last, however, had begged so hard for his half-brother that Philip had been given another chance. But the Doctor had told him plainly that if he did not mend his ways he would not be allowed to come back for another term.

Joe, too, was at the picnic—Joe, looking subdued and rather white, yet happier than he had been for weeks. He walked back from the caves with Dicky and Tom.

"Did you notice Philip?" he asked.

Dicky looked puzzled. "At tea, I mean," explained Joe. "Didn't you see? He only ate one hunch of cake."

Dicky laughed. "Then there's hope for him," he replied.

"I believe there is," replied Joe; and he, too, laughed more cheerily than for a long time past.

THE END

Who Was She?

The Girl Patriot

A YOUNG girl, who was one of the last descendants of a noble Norman family and numbered among her ancestors the great French dramatist Corneille, was born in very poor circumstances soon after the middle of the 18th century.

When she was still a girl her mother died, and most of her youth was spent in the quiet of a convent, where she was educated. But great political troubles broke out, and the convent was closed, whereupon the maiden went to live with an aunt in Caen.

The turmoil in the State caused men to take sides violently, and this girl's father adopted advanced views, but, though she said little, she held strongly to constitutional ways of bringing about reforms.

Everywhere cruelty and violence took the place of argument and persuasion, thousands were slain for their political opinions, and at last this quiet young girl decided to strike a blow for what she considered the cause of liberty.

There was one man who had been responsible for many deaths. He was to this maiden an object of horror and dread, and rightly or wrongly she determined to remove him in order to save others. No doubt the terrors of the time had affected her thinking and her judgment, but she brooded over the misfortunes of her country, which often brought her to tears, and felt there was no other way but that which she had chosen.

One morning she set off for Paris, carrying with her a volume of Plutarch containing the inspiring stories of the noble Greeks and Romans who did exploits for their countries.

She determined to strike the cruel leader down at a great public function; but he failed to appear, so she did the deed at his house.

When his death was known the people were furious. The girl was treated with great ferocity, and, after a trial in which she calmly declared that she had slain one man to save a hundred thousand, she was sentenced to be executed.

A vast crowd lined the streets and square when she went to her death, and a violent storm broke out over the city. But she was calm and brave throughout, and even her enemies were moved to admiration.

History has not condemned her, for she is classed with the heroines of all time. Of course, her act was not Christian, but she stands out as a type of the stern strength and patriotism of the old Romans whose lives she so admired. Here is her portrait. Who was she?





Sing Away for Spring is Coming



D! MERRYMAN

THE successful business man was having his photograph taken for a trade paper.

"Which side of your face would you prefer to have taken, sir?" asked the photographer.

"Oh, if it's all the same to you," he replied, "let it be the outside."

A Winkle There Was

A WINKLE who winked at Torquay
Went out for a stroll in the sea,
But he trod on the tail
Of a very large whale,
And the whale had a wrinkle for tea!

WHY is an axe like coffee?

Because it must be ground
before it can be used.

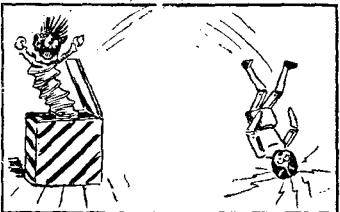
What Is It?

'Tis in the church, but not in the steeple;
'Tis in the parson, but not in the people;
'Tis in the oyster, but not in the shell;
'Tis in the clapper, but not in the bell.

Answer next week

A Dangerous Seat

"THAT folks mayn't sit upon my lid
I mean to make them see!"
Cried Jack. Just then there came
a click,
And out, quite cross, popped he.



"I've learnt a lesson," said the Doll,
Who came down with a crack;
"When next I sit upon a box,
It won't be yours, dear Jack!"

WHAT difference is there between
live fish and fish alive?
There is A difference.

Do You Live in Tooting?

THIS was formerly spelt Totinge,
and means the place of the sons
of Tota, probably some local chief
or person of importance in ancient
times.



Escapades of Johnny Crock

TO Johnny's house one afternoon
went Jumbo Joe to tea,
For things to eat he looked around
as eager as could be;
He started on a hundred buns and
piles and piles of bread,
And when he'd finished them, "What
now?" that greedy fellow said.
Johnny Crock fetched all he had,
and Jumbo ate the lot,
He drank up every drop of tea,
and even gnawed the pot.

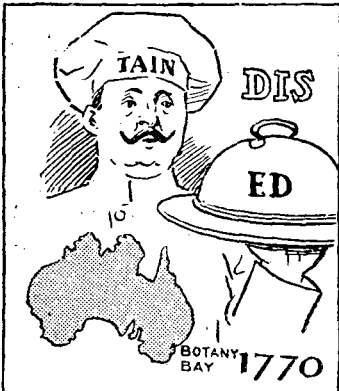
The Meeting

"TALKING of old friends," said the motorist, "I ran into Jack Green yesterday."

"I haven't seen Jack for a long time," replied his friend. "How came you to run into him?"

"Oh, I sounded the hooter, but he didn't get out of the way quick enough!"

Events in History



What event in history is represented here?
Solution next week

WHY is charity like an umbrella?
Because it is most useful when
most widely extended.

The Circus of Lud

THIS application for a post in
the famous "Ludgate Circus"
has reached the office of Messrs.
Thomas Cook & Sons from the
father of a boy in India:

Sir,—I crave of you but a few
moments.

My son Ali has just failed to pass
his Matric., but he is at running
excellent, at gymnastics very won-
derful, and at weight-lifting a
Goliath. Would you please to
consider him as a candidate for
your Ludgate Circus?

For which act of kindness I shall
ever pray for your long life and
prosperity.

Sir, Your obedient servant,
ACHA BABA

We give a picture of the "Circus"
on page seven.

Mildred's and Mary's Nature Notes

The Mole

BY ordinary people

The mole is seldom found;
He burrows and he tunnels
His little underground.
With feet as tough as leather,
And leathern rooting nose,
He leaves a hill behind him
Whichever way he goes.

They're tiny little hillocks,
As probably you know,
And e'en the very highest
Is very, very low.
I deem they look for trouble—
And Mary, too, agrees—
Who go about a-making
Huge mountains out of these.

WHY is a little dog's tail like the
heart of a tree-trunk?
Because it is farthest from the
bark.

The Corked Bottle

A MAN had a bottle three parts
full of wine, and it was corked
in the ordinary way. He had no
corkscrew and could not draw the
cork out. How could he get at the
wine without piercing the cork or
breaking the glass of the bottle?

Answer next week

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

Puzzle Birds Swift and pintail

Changed Words

Can, Dan, fan, pan, ran, tan, wan

Jacko's Punch and Judy Show

JACKO had no sooner packed the Punch and Judy show firmly on board than he began to think what a lark it would be to unpack it again and give a little performance on his own.

"By Jove, I will!" he said, chuckling to himself.

He waited till the owner was out of sight, then he rammed the horse's nosebag on, hauled out the Punch and Judy show, and set it up on the towpath.

A minute before there was not a soul in sight, but the moment he stepped into the box and pulled down the curtains quite a crowd came tumbling up, laughing and shouting to each other to come along and see the show.

"Toby! Toby!" they cried. "Oh, what a darling Toby!"

Jacko grinned, popped on Punch's cap, and poked his head out.

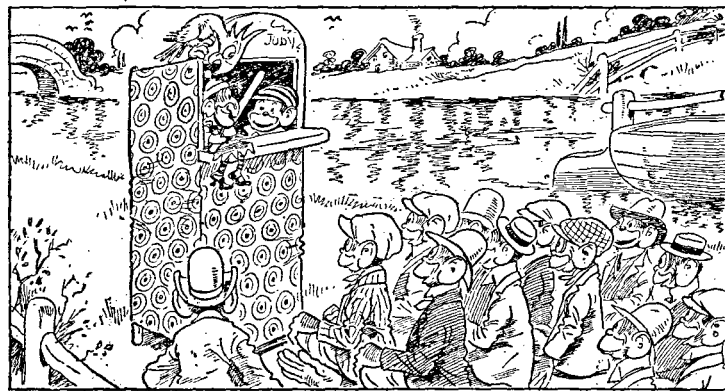
"Oh, what a darling Punch!" cried the children.

Jacko grinned more than ever. When they had all squatted down in front he began. He hadn't a very clear idea of the story of Punch and Judy—it was so long since he had seen it—so he made up one of his own.

He got on splendidly till the time came for Toby to appear. But there was no Toby to be seen.

Jacko whistled for him, at first very softly, and then louder. And suddenly up dashed Master Toby—with a huge bone sticking out of his mouth.

When Jacko caught sight of that bone he gave another sort of



Jacko got on splendidly

whistle. "You beggar!" he cried. "So you're at your old tricks again, are you?"

Toby wagged his tail, bolted inside the box, and settled down happily to enjoy it.

The next moment there was a tremendous commotion outside. A man rushed up, pushed his way through the crowd, and shook his fist in Jacko's face.

"I'll have you locked up!" he shouted angrily. "Stealing food from an honest man's shop!"

"I haven't been near your shop!" said Jacko indignantly.

"No, but your dog has!" said the man.

The children, thinking it was all part of the fun, shrieked with laughter.

It made the man angrier than ever.

He lifted his stick, and laid it about Jacko's shoulders.

Jacko rushed out, picked up Punch's stick, and laid it about the man's shoulders.

The children clapped their hands and shouted "Do it again!"

The man was furious.

"I'll fetch the police!" he roared, turning and bolting off the way he had come. "You wait a minute!"

"I don't think I will," murmured Jacko softly. "The show's over!" he called out; and, scrambling in, he flung back the curtain, picked up the Punch and Judy show, and darted back to the barge.

The horse was where he had left her, but the barge had broken loose, and was floating merrily away downstream.

Jacko stood and stared after it with his mouth open.

The paragraph on the right is a French translation of the paragraph on the left

The Bantams

A Scottish reader, who has three bantams as pets, sends this note.

When the door of our hen-house is opened in the morning, the bantam cock and two hens run into the house and come upstairs to my bedroom. If I am not out of bed they perch on the bed rail until I get up. When I call them they fly on to my shoulders.

Les Bantams

Un lecteur écossais, qui a apprivoisé trois bantams, nous communique ce qui suit.

Dès qu'on ouvre la porte du poulailler le matin, le coq bantam et les deux poules se précipitent dans la maison et montent à ma chambre à coucher. Si je suis encore au lit ils se perchent sur la barre du lit jusqu'à ce que je me lève. Quand je les appelle, ils volent se placer sur mes épaules.

Tales Before Bedtime

What Nora Did

AS Mother stooped to kiss Nora good-bye, she said:

"What shall you do, darling, while I'm away?"—for Mother had to go to town and leave her little girl alone with Old Betty for the best part of the day.

"What shall I do?" repeated Nora. "I know: I'll give the dolls a tea-party."

Mother smiled.

"Well, ask Betty to give you some cakes and some sugar biscuits," she said, and then she went off.

Kind Betty not only gave Nora the cakes and the biscuits, but she gave her a tiny packet of tea and some lumps of sugar as well; and she promised to let her make real tea with hot water out of the kitchen kettle.

But when the time came Nora hadn't the heart to ask her: for poor Betty had got a headache and had gone to lie down.

So Nora had make-believe tea instead, and the dolls didn't mind a bit.

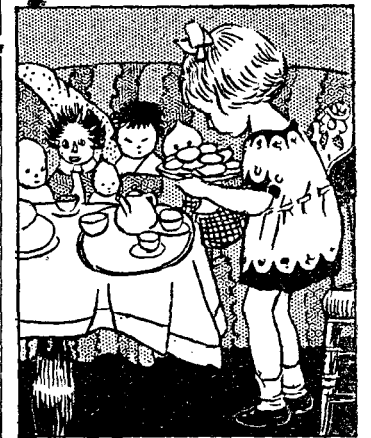
As soon as it began to get dark Mother came back, but when she went into the dining-room she gave a little cry.

The room was in a terrible state, for while Old Betty had been upstairs lying down, and Nora had been playing with her dolls in the nursery at the back of the house, a thief had got in and stolen all the silver from the sideboard—spoons and forks and dishes, and Daddie's prize cup, and lots of other things.

"Oh! And they've taken my beautiful old china tea service!" cried Mother, running over to the empty cabinet.

Nora stared for a minute, and then she said:

"Oh, no, Mummie! That's in the nursery. I took it for



The dollies didn't mind

my tea-party. It's so much prettier than my own, and I knew you wouldn't mind."

When Nora heard how valuable it was she quite expected to get a scolding. But her mother was so thankful that the thief hadn't found it that she caught Nora up and gave her a big hug instead.

"I've been ever so careful with it," said Nora. "And so have the dollies."

The Children's Newspaper grew out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

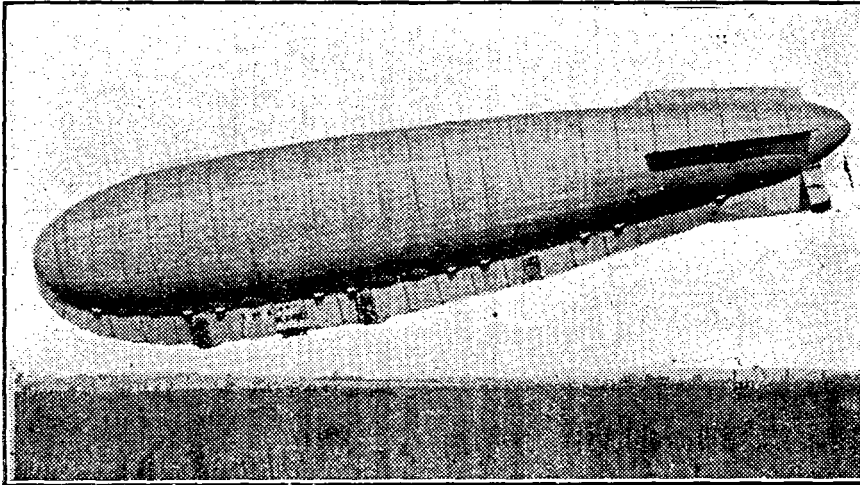
March 11, 1922 Every Friday, 2d.

The C.N. is posted anywhere abroad for 11s. a year; inland, 13s. My Magazine (published on the 15th of each month) is posted abroad for 14s.; Canada, 13s. 6d.; British Isles, 14s. 6d. See below.

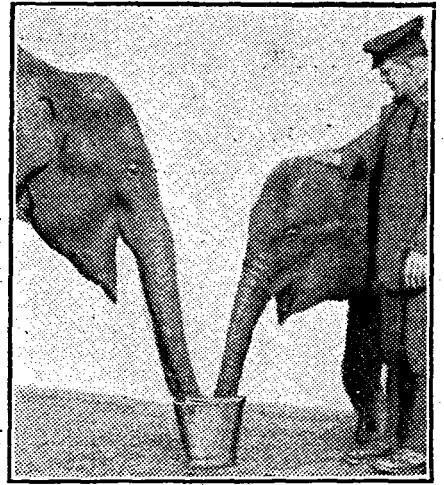
LOST AIRSHIP • DOG THAT FED HIS MASTER • POLICEMEN WITH SHIELDS



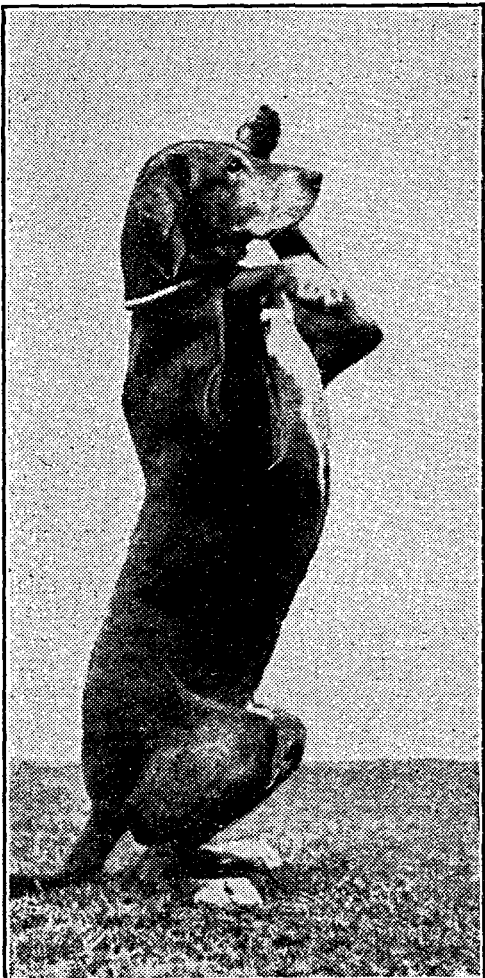
Bread by the Ounce in Russia—An old man weighing out bread by the ounce from a barrow in Petrograd, where even bread of the coarsest kind is rare



America's Ill-fated Airship—The great American airship Roma, which, like the R 38 at Hull, was destroyed by an explosion, with the loss of many brave lives. It was 412 feet long, had a gas capacity of nearly a million and a quarter cubic feet, and could travel 5300 miles at 68 miles an hour without once coming to earth. See page one



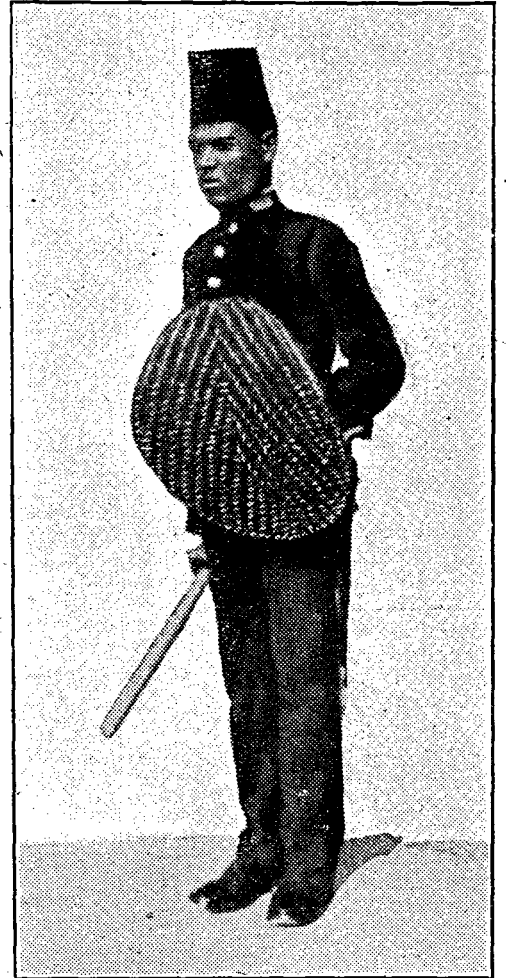
The Elephant's Loving Cup—These animals, a gift to the London Zoo from the Gaskwar of Baroda, get on well and share their meals. See page five



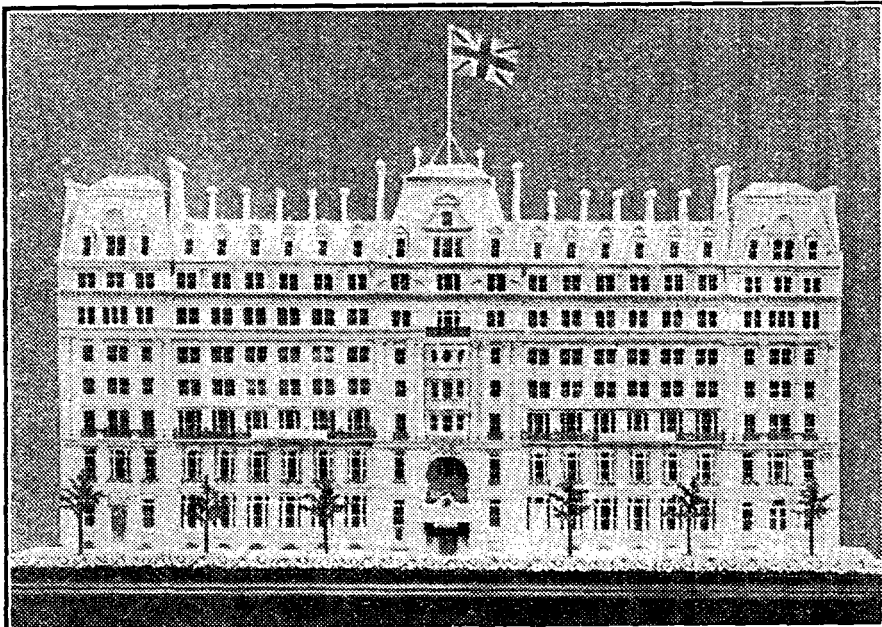
Dog That Fed His Master—Colonel Rawlinson's faithful friend that begged food from the Turks and carried it to his master while he was a war prisoner in Anatolia. See page seven



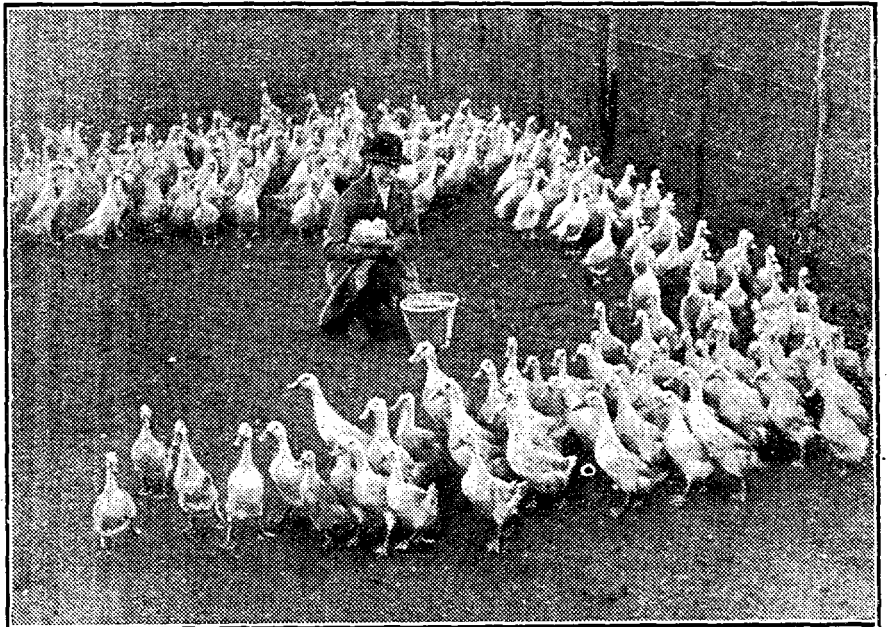
Headmaster Watches His Boys at Play—The headmaster of Eton, Dr. Alington, and his daughter watching the mile race run by the boys in the recent college sports. Dr. Alington is a skilful and enthusiastic horseman, and shows a keen interest in all the sports and games played by the boys



Policemen with Shields—The police of Cairo now carry small shields of basketwork to protect them from the missiles of the angry crowds that are so common in Egyptian towns



Building Made of Sugar—Some wonderful examples of the confectioner's art were seen at the recent Food Exhibition in London, including this fine model entirely of sugar



Food Queues at a Poultry Farm—The breakfast hour at a poultry farm is always a busy time, and these ducks are lining up in a queue in a perfectly orderly fashion